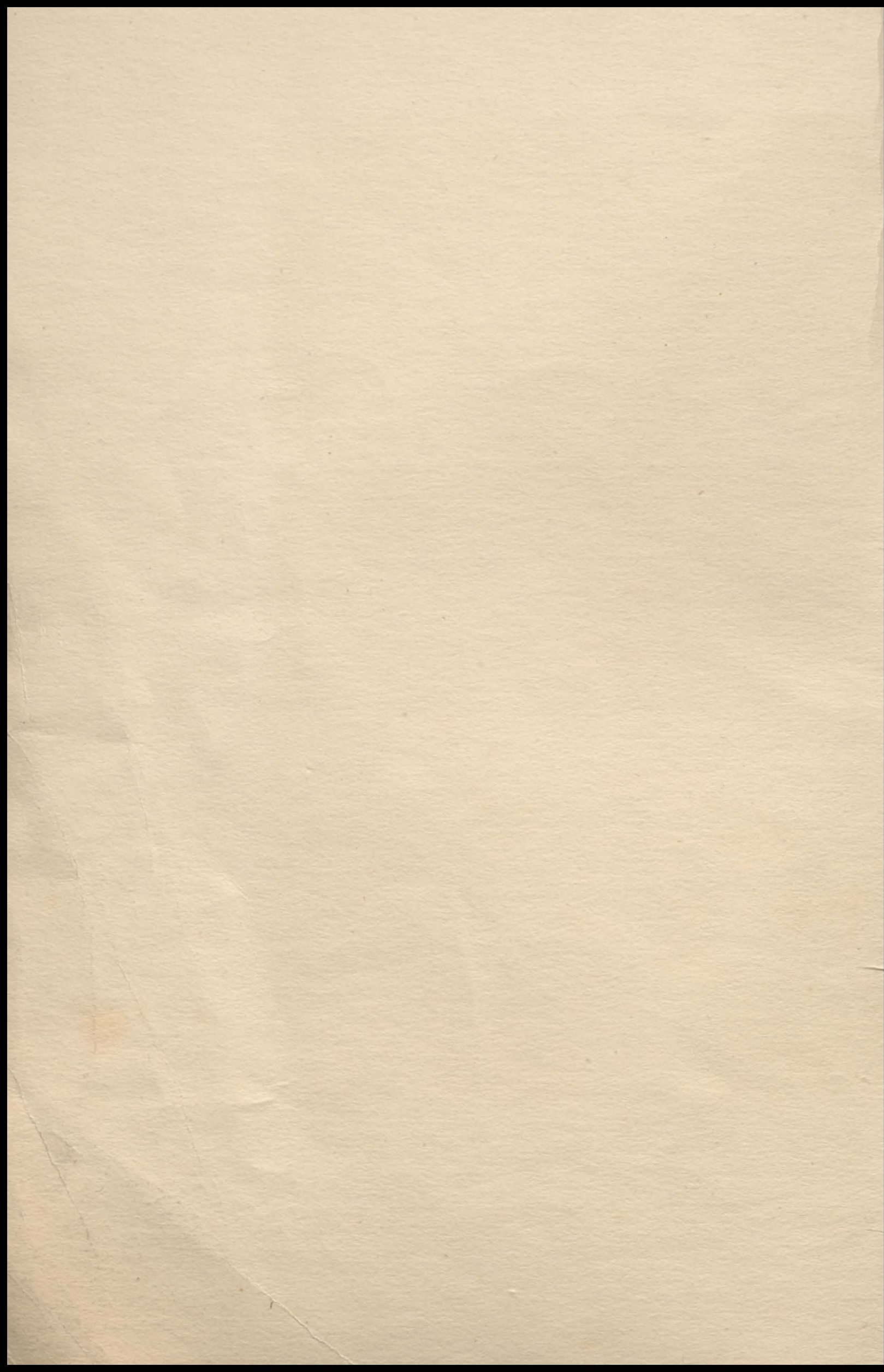


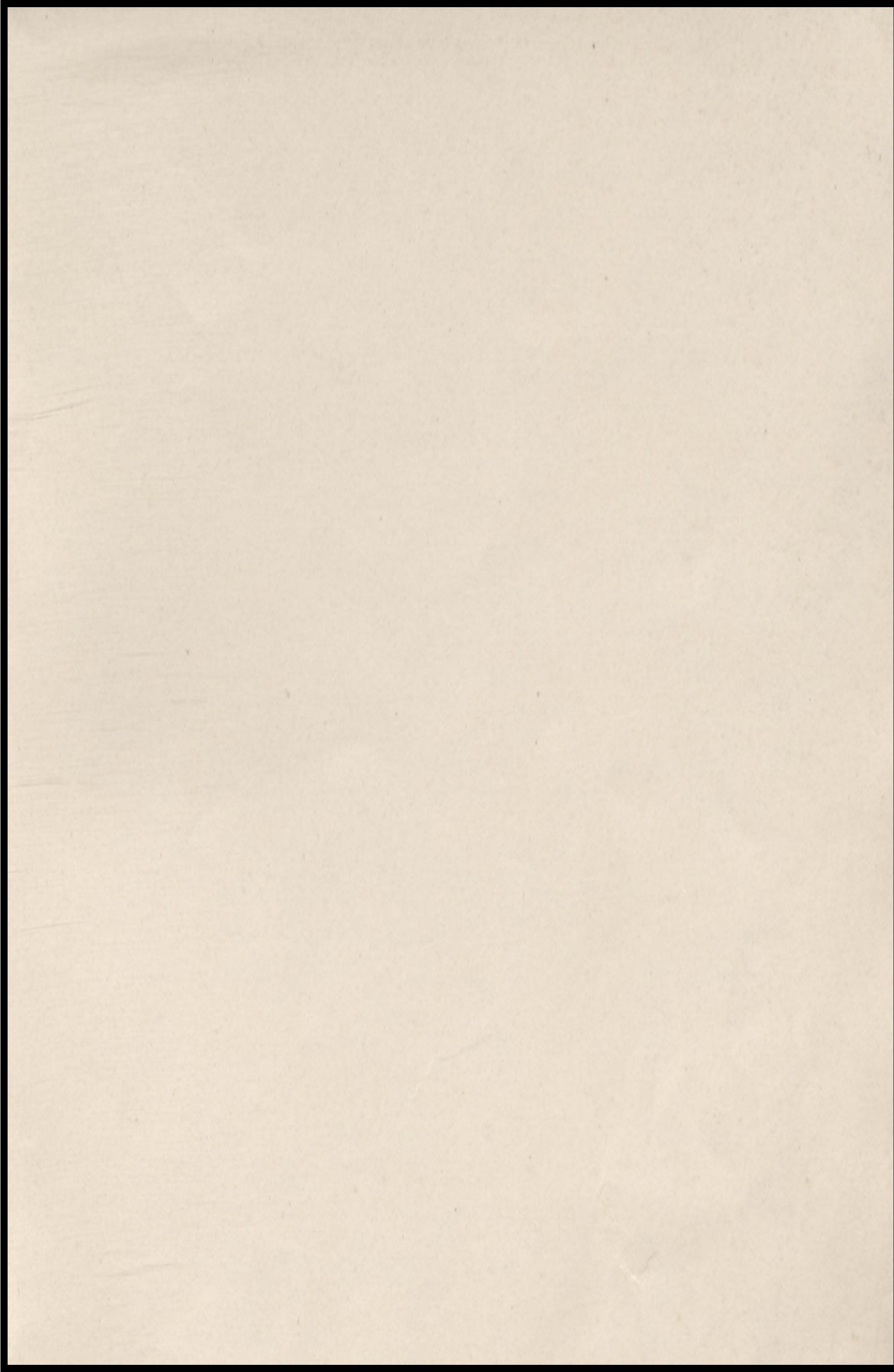
The Senior Annual

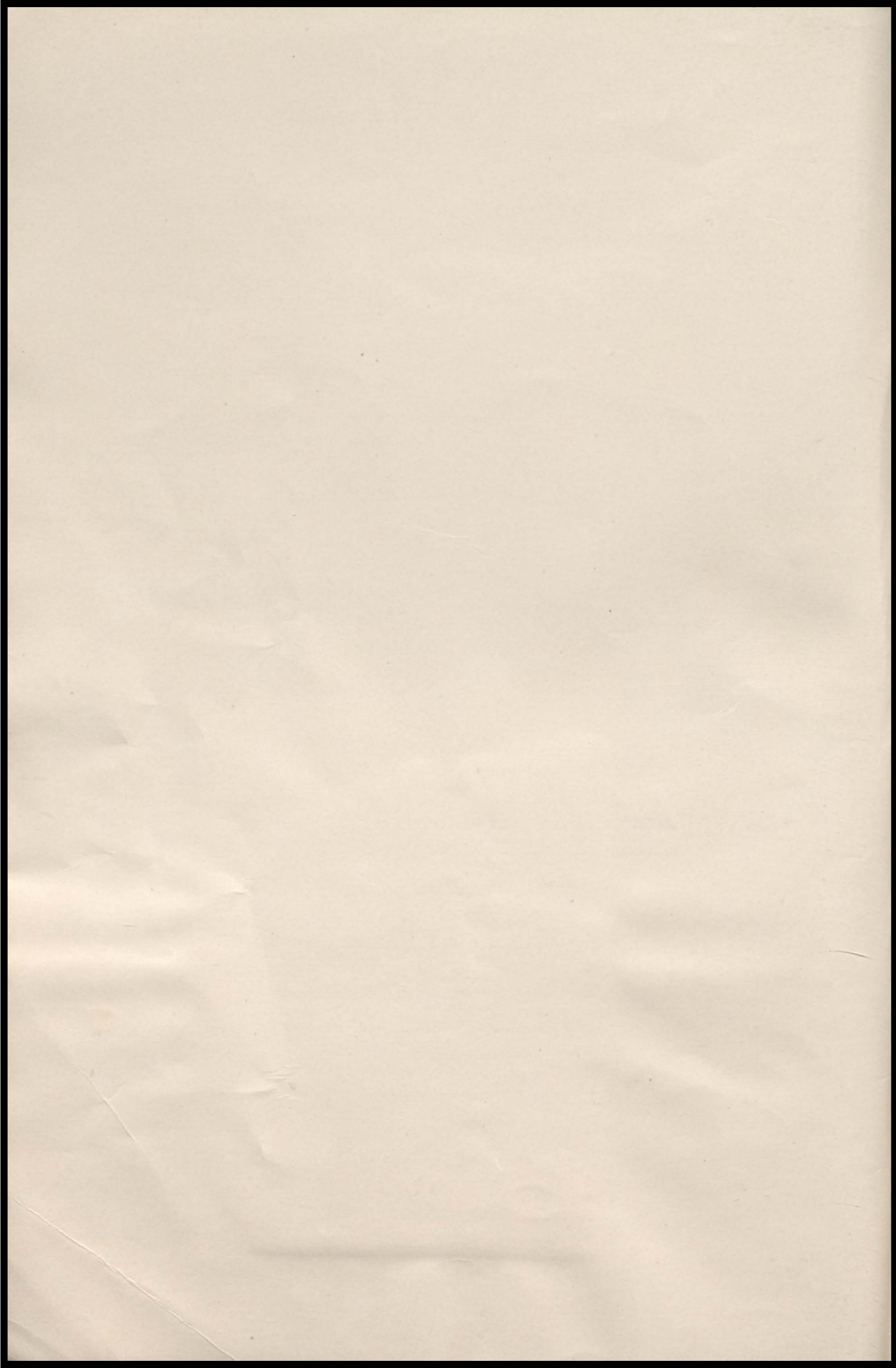
Rome Free Academy



Issued by the Class of 1908.







TO
FLORENCE C. SEELEY
THIS BOOK,
WITH ALL AFFECTION AND RESPECT,
IS DEDICATED.



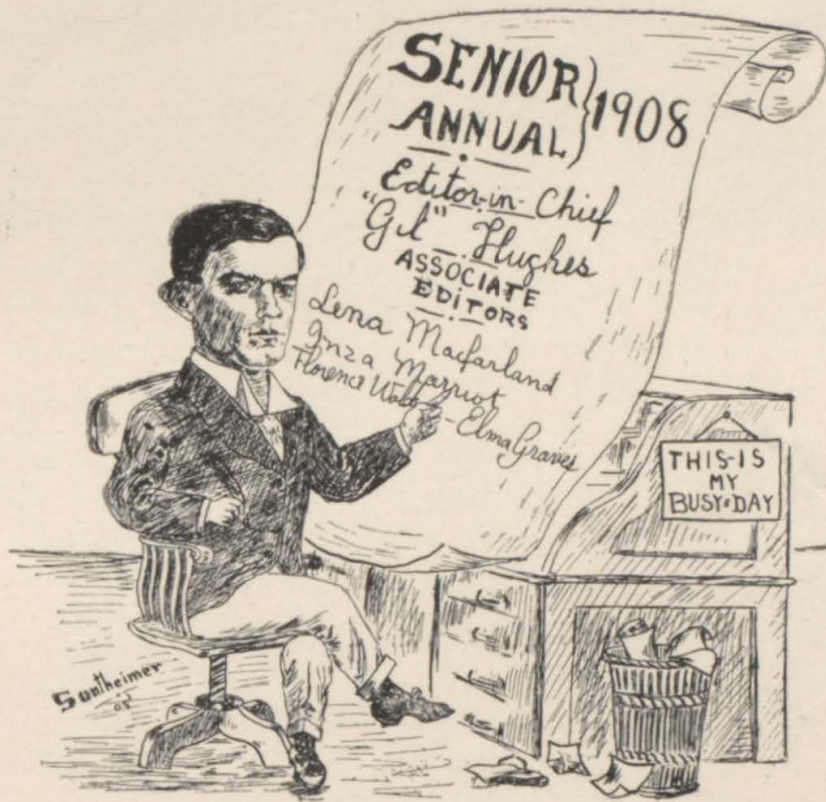
The Senior Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

ROME, N. Y.

CLASS DAY

JUNE 23, 1908



EDITORIAL

KIND friends of the class of 1908, this volume represents our initial editorial attempts. We most sincerely hope it will meet your approval, or, at least, you will criticise it with leniency, for in our age it must be remembered there lives no natural genius. If we had lived in the heroic ages we would have been undoubtedly so aided by the friendly divinities that you would have found a Homer or a Pericles among us. But such was not our fortune; instead, we have been left on a great pathless plain to seek our desired goal.

But permit us in our crude and unpolished way to apologize to those who in these pages have not become our victims. To you, dear schoolmates, we have a word to say: Feel not slighted or displeased because your names are not on these pages; for upon the tablets of our hearts they will remain forever. Our material came forth hurriedly for the press, and your names, ill-fated ones, came in too late. So cheer up, kind ones, and dream of the pleasant future where your name next year will hold its place in a better Senior Annual.

THEODORE J. MOWRY,
President of Board of Education.

LEWIS N. CRANE,
Superintendent of Schools.

FACULTY

PROF. H. W. HARRIS,
Principal.

LEO S. O'BRIEN,
Science.

JANE S. HIGHAM,
Latin and Greek.

HELEN E. THALMAN,
English and Latin.

FLORENCE C. SEELEY,
English.

HARRIETT C. CREBLE,
French and German.

MARY E. BURDICK,
Mathematics.

ENID H. CRAWFORD,
History.

EDITH E. MORIN,
Mathematics and Science.

KATHARINE V. HAYES,
Elocution and Physical Culture.

Calendar

SEPT. 3—Everybody assembled in joyful (?) anticipation of their arduous studies.

Sept. 4—Already the under-classmen are dazzled by their superiors—the Seniors.

Sept. 6—Denio catches a glimpse of Miss Frame.

Sept. 13—Our old standby, foot-ball, is spoken of with great delight.

Sept. 17—"Rusty" and Tread have their first, but not their last quarrel.

Sept. 23—A new member is added to our faculty, whose auburn hair immediately appeals to "Gil."

Sept. 28—Mr. McCurn lavishes his unbounded affections upon Miss Fuller.

Oct. 1—Wendt enters the portals of learning resolved to study. (?)

Oct. 3—Turney and Hodges dressed in mourning—anniversary of the closing of Summit Park.

Oct. 7—Florence Waldo casts longing glances toward Gilbert Hughes.

Oct. 11—Miss Crawford's troubles begin. Ancient history class without their lessons.

Oct. 16—Rome - Utica foot - ball game. "It is better to have played and lost than never to have played at all."

Oct. 19—Panic in school—Bailey caught studying during the noon hour.

Oct. 24—Grace Felton's birthday. Great celebration.

Oct. 25—Miss MacFarland, in a dejected state of mind, exclaims in Virgil: *Quis homo iam misero mihi denique restat?* (What man now remains for miserable me?)

Oct. 30—Concert for piano fund. Cole and Miss Squire make their debut.

Oct. 31—Seniors held their memorable Hallowe'en party at Westernville.

Nov. 5—Wailing and gnashing of teeth. Esther Freeman only got 95 in a physic test.

Nov. 10—Mr. Sweet is observed walking to school with Miss Squires. Yes, we have heard that old fires are often re-kindled. We wonder if this will be a Sweet-Cole (coal) fire?

Nov. 13—Great excitement. First flurry of snow; the seniors begin to talk of a Senior sleigh ride.

Nov. 18—We wonder if congratulations are in order. Raffauf was heard to remark that Miss Ellis was going to work in a hardware store after graduation.

Nov. 22—The geometry class had a severe shock; Miss Burdick said P. D. Q.

Nov. 28—No school. Everybody eating "goose."

Dec. 5—Nothing doing.

Dec. 10—Mystery! What about the gobblers?

Dec. 14—Great celebration. Denio graduates with all the honors.

Dec. 19—Florence and June become interested in each other.

Dec. 21—Session closes with Doxology. Everybody adjourns for the Christmas vacation.

Jan. 6—Everybody at the High School. A good, warm place to sit (so Prof. Harris says.)

Jan. 9—Chapman caught flirting with Miss Cosgriff.

Jan. 10—Many of the young gentlemen came to school bedecked with "war paint." This is not due to personal vanity but to the make-up in the "Old Vermont Farm."

Jan. 13—Mr. Wendt and Miss Mowry stroll in the hall to the tune of "Here Comes the Bride."

Jan. 16—Miss Crawford informs the American History class that henceforth she will have the monopoly of all the "smart sayings."

- Jan. 20—Miss Hayes' new dress causes a great sensation among the male members of the Academy.
- Jan. 23—Gilbert R. Hughes has the sympathy of all; he is at present battling with the measles.
- Jan. 27—Regents week. Sad times.
- Feb. 11—Hamilton Glee Club concert.
- Feb. 14—St. Valentine's day.
- Feb. 28—Prize-speaking contest.
- March 2—Ruth Wood was seen talking to Ralph Locke in the hall. Ruth, more leniency is expected from you.
- March 8—Sad happening. Cole takes his first chew of tobacco, which results in quite a catastrophe.
- March 16—"Stod" seems to be the "star"-fish in the pond. The fishers are Misses Mowry, Ellis and MacFarland. We wonder which uses the most superior bait.
- March 20—Flanagan meets Miss Crawford.
- March 25—"Stung." Mr. Stevens has two dates on the same night.
- April 6—Quackenbush spends his time gazing at Ruth Wood.
- April 14—We have the pleasure of seeing one beloved by all, Prof. Campbell.
- April 15—Miss Kirtland arrives and is greeted with great delight.
- April 17—Farmers' convention. Rickmeyer and Abull join hands and lead the procession.
- April 21—Shelley assumes the rank of Senior.
- April 23—Denio proposes to —— and gets stung.
- April 28—The entire American History class becomes Spiritualists, for the teacher said: "Gansevoort is over in the park."
- May 1—All in gay attire for the Junior "Prom."
- May 5—Gary West is found in the office actually studying under the pleasing guidance of Miss Van Dyke. Many chaperones offered their services, but none were accepted.
- May 13—It is reported that there is another skeleton conspiracy afloat
- May 15—Stevens spoke.
- May 19—Miss Wardwell was heard to remark that she was looking for a Noble fellow.
- May 22—Prof. Harris digs up the relics of concentration. Regents are pending.
- May 29—"Glory, Glory Halle——." The heroes are with us. Decoration Day exercises.
- June 4—All the drones "get busy."
- June 12—Seniors carry away the honors of the day.

FINIS.

Senior Class

- Jessie Ely, Miss Rantum, in the class play.
- Marjorie B. Ellis, heroine in class play; treasurer of senior class.
- Le Moyne Evans, Miss Matilda Hopperhoer in class play.
- Alberta Edell, class historian.
- Elma Graves, boys' prophecy.
- Florence Jones, Mrs. De Smythe in class play.
- Inza Marriott, second academic honor.
- Harriett Marriott, Katherine, the maid, in class play.
- Lena MacFarland, fifth academic honor.
- Vera Rees, third academic honor.
- Marion Sassenbury, fourth academic honor.
- Helen Sturdevant, first academic honor; winner of the Davis essay prize; winner of the D. A. R. essay prize; vice-president of senior class; secretary of the Athletic Association.

Edith Smith, Miss Valeria Reynolds in class play.

Florence Smith, winner of the third prize in Slingerland prize-speaking contest; class witch last day.

Florence Waldo, the holder of the essay honor.

Ruth Wood, Madam Sateene in class play.

Leo R. Burton, girls' prophecy.

Amos J. Grimm, hero in the class play; secretary of senior class.

Gilbert R. Hughes, winner of the first prize in the Slingerland prize-speaking contest; hockey manager in 1907; holder of the oratorical honor of the class of 1908; editor-in-chief Senior Annual.

George B. Halleck, Mr. De Smythe in class play.

Albert W. Orton, Jr., winner of the second prize in the Slingerland prize-speaking contest; holder of the sixth academic honor; president of the class.



OLD R. F. A.

Prize-Speaking Contest

SLINGERLAND PRIZE, awarded to Gilbert R. Hughes; second prize to A. W. Orton, Jr.; third prize to Miss Florence B. Smith; honorable mention, Miss Florence D. Waldo.

The fifth Slingerland prize-speaking contest was held on Friday evening, February 28th, at the Academy. It was remarkable for the high average skill in elocution shown by those who took part, and for the even quality of the competition. There was a large attendance—nearly filling the assembly hall. The musical part of the program was ably rendered by Yordon's Elite Orchestra, which played a number of selections.

Principal Homer W. Harris, who presided, introduced as the first speaker of the evening John Elton Townsend, the subject of whose declamation was "The New South," by Henry W. Grady. Mr. Townsend spoke deliberately, with good enunciation and with an excellent appreciation of the spirit of this splendid oration. He received liberal applause.

Miss Florence D. Waldo had a selection entitled "The Slow Man," by Ernest Poole. It dealt with the experiences of a poor Jewish sweatshop worker in New York, and was full of a homely pathos. It was not a piece that called for great dramatic action, but its deep human quality was well brought out by the speaker, who was listened to with interested attention and who gave a very creditable rendition of the story.

Miss Marjorie Beeme Ellis, in "A Soldier of France," by Ouida, had a selection quite in contrast with that of the preceding speaker. It was marked by vivacity and rapid dramatic action, telling the heroic story of the devoted cigarette. Miss Ellis met the exacting requirements of the declamation very capably and her speaking made an excellent impression.

"What the Teacher Said to Trove," by Blake, was spoken by Miss Celia Alice Case. It was an attractive little story of childhood, and the plaintive feature which distinguished it was rendered very effectively by the speaker, who showed particular skill in the different dialogue parts which made up a large portion of the piece.

Gilbert Robert Hughes, in "The White Man's Burden," by George P. Beers, had a declamation dealing with the race and lynching problems of the South. It was argumentative in character and good work was made of it by Mr. Hughes, who showed himself a forcible and impressive speaker.

"The Lance of Kawana," which was spoken by Miss Florence Belle Smith, was a graceful and interesting story of war in a faraway land. It called for descriptive power and spirited treatment, both of which requirements were met by Miss Smith. She spoke clearly and with evident understanding of the idea of the selection, and was followed with close attention.

Albert William Orton, Jr., had the same declamation as the first speaker. He had a good voice, which he used to advantage. His speaking was, for the most part, deliberate and natural, and in the pathetic parts of the oration he was particularly good.

The last speaker of the evening was Amos J. Grimm, who declaimed "The Storming of Mission Ridge." This well known selection calls for lively descriptive powers and a forceful delivery. Mr. Grimm proved one of the best speakers of the evening. He was distinct, spirited and vigorous and he gave an excellent delineation of the battle scene without overdoing it.

Prof. Edward S. Babcock, of Hamilton College, Principal George R. Staley, of Oneida High School, and Harry E. Reed,

of Syracuse, constituted the committee of award. Prof. Babcock, in announcing their decision, complimented the speakers as a whole, and spoke of the evenness of the competition, remarking that the task of the judges in making a selection had been a difficult one, and most of the people in the audience were ready to agree that such must have been the case. He announced as the award: First prize, Mr. Hughes; second prize, Mr. Orton; third prize, Miss Smith; honorable mention Miss Waldo. The announcement was received by the audience with enthusiastic applause. As an exhibition it was highly creditable both to the young men and women of the senior and junior classes who spoke and also testified to the excellent training which they had received.

A is for Alberta, a sweet little girl,
Who is called by a Bell a regular pearl.

B stands for Bacon, a boy of small size,
Who by his attitude shows he is wise.

C is for Cole, a boy always in line,
Who said at Oriskany he had a fine time.

D is for Davis, who looks out of place
With that lock of hair which hangs in his face.

E is for Estella, who is fond of pets,
If a Fox is not with her that fact she regrets.

F is for Fraver, king of the boys,
When the teacher is not looking he's making a noise.

G is for Grosvenor, who has a large family.
He's always about and tries to act manly.

H is for Hofstetter, who thought it was fun
To bother the teacher until she was "stung."

I is for Isabel, a blushing lass,
Who makes a great noise in every class.

J is for Jennie whose last name is Hughes,
Who often does sit and wonder and muse.

K is for Keating, a tall one true,
Who would love to lavish his affections on you.

L is for Lena, whom I oft chance to meet
Just as she's ending her walk on George street.

M is for Myers, a freshman true,
Who shows well his rank by his greenish hue.

N is for Noble, Miss Wardwell's delight.
When that boy is around she is always in sight.

O is for Orton, so thin and tall,
He would look like a hat rack if he stood in the hall.

P is for Putnam, a boy of small mind,
Who always is looking for a good time.

Q is for Quackenbush, so cute and nice,
Who is valued by Miss Wood above any price.

R is for Roberts, who has spent hours,
Sending to Eleanor candy and flowers.

S is for Sweet, who thinks it don't pay,
To write up a story, then be given away.

T stands for Townsend, who lately has been seen,
Wearing light trousers and ties of bright green.

U is for uneasiness, a freshman game,
Which causes the seniors a great deal of pain.

V stands for Vera, a sedate child,
Who walks about much, but seldom
does smile.

W is for Webster, not Daniel you know,
Only a girl who makes a great show.

X is a letter found in excuse,
When you face Mr. Harris without
one you find its no use.

Y is for yesterday, the day before to-
day,
What you did then you will it will
pay.

Z is for Zimmer, the last, but not least,
For often she's been thought of by
the "Editor" in peace. (While
(meditating.)

PEACE OR WAR:

The Possibilities of International Arbitration

PEACE or war: This is the great question throughout the world to-day. From East to West the greatest men of the age are pondering upon it. It is a world movement, the first which has stirred both the Occident and Orient and which concerns every person throughout the whole earth! For this reason it is the greatest question that has ever arisen. It is a proof of our higher civilization, of civilization in its truest sense.

War is an historic law. Every man and woman thrills at the sound of martial fife and drum. But peace is a divine principle; it is a law of God Himself. Sir Isaac Newton made known to the world a great principle which had always existed, although humanity had been ignorant of its existence. It re-

mains not for one man, but for many nations, to find out through experience that positive conditions of peace are absolutely necessary for universal progress. The essentials for this peace are, first of all, mercy, then justice and wisdom, and, greatest of all, unity. The question is, does the world possess these characteristics, or will it ever possess them, so that the possibilities of war may be removed forever?

In the early civilization war was the one aim and ambition of all. He who excelled in military skill rose to tyrannize over the less fortunate. This was a brute civilization, made up of inhuman humans, thirsting for the blood of their fellowmen. Even their amusements were designed to satisfy this lust for the destruction of life. Such was the civilization of the Romans. But over the chaos of this great savagery was shed the first light of God's mercy, the pure, clear light of Christianity. It burned dimly at first, but the love and sacrifice of its disciples kept the little flame alight, and it began to brighten and pierce the darkness of universal cruelty. Through the ages, as the brightness has increased, the world's inhumanity has diminished. By the principles of Christianity, the sovereignty of one supreme power of good, and the love of man for man, mercy, the first quality of peace, made man appreciate the value of a human life.

However, there was still for many centuries the tyranny of a few over many. But the common people were gradually rising out of the depth of ignorance. As they became more enlightened they began to resent oppression and to demand their individual rights. Then the struggle for justice began, for education and personal rights go hand in hand, and both are necessary for national progress. In the latter years of history there has

been, among the foremost nations, a wonderful increase in justice, which is government for the people, and in wisdom, which is the education of the masses. But the greatest of the characteristics of peace we have yet to obtain, unity. That is the problem to be solved in the future. In the evolution of peace there is one more link to be forged.

From as early as the seventeenth century there have been men who wrote and talked of the benefits of peace. Then there were gatherings of people from different countries to discuss the question. These international gatherings were the first indication of a mutual desire for unity. They were the result of centuries of unconscious preparation. It was the working out of the great law of concord. At first these congresses were unofficial and could only suggest improvements. But their fame spread through their discussions of matters of vital interest to all people. The world was aroused, its eyes were opened to the inhumanity of war, its attention was called to the necessity of peace for progress, and the nations began to take up the great question of peace, which had been developing throughout the history of the world, and the result was the Congress of Nations at the Hague in 1904. This Conference represented the rulers of twenty-six nations. It met for the purpose of promoting the possibilities of world peace which involves many problems arising from the complexity of our modern civilization. This is the first of many conferences, and if their enthusiastic efforts continue, surely the result will be the accomplishment of their aim.

The first question that came before the congresses has already been quite satisfactorily settled. It concerned the mitigation of the evils of warfare. In the early wars, any one in the enemy's territory was subject to the most brutal treat-

ment. Though some of these cruel practices had gradually died out, there was room for much improvement and several measures have been adopted for the "humanizing of war." At the Geneva Convention, in 1864, the Red Cross Society was founded, providing for the neutralization of a staff of doctors and nurses who are to care for the sick and wounded. Each nation had a military code, but they differed from one another in several ways. These differences were finally settled and an International Code now governs the conduct of all armies in the field. The Hague Conference gave further instructions which would tend to make war, if war there must be, less horrible.

But the greatest and most complex question is Arbitration, the settling of disputes by a council of persons mutually chosen by contending parties. Many disputes in modern times have been settled by this means, and numerous arbitration treaties have been made between all the great nations.

At present the sphere of arbitration is limited to business disputes, but the graver questions concerning national policy, vital interests, honor or self-preservation, must be settled by the time-honored method—war. However, as an eminent diplomat says, "To settle disputes by arbitration is a very good habit to get into, and once the habit is formed as to minor matters, it is only a step further to the settlement of major differences by the same means."

The restriction of Arbitration is due to the fact that the nations will acknowledge no higher power than their own. The world has yet no head, no single central power to direct and govern and keep the countries working together in harmony. There should be a Court of Nations established permanently to settle all disputes and regulate the condition of

affairs, and until that time there can be no lasting unity or permanent peace. This will undoubtedly be the next step, for the nations are beginning to see that just as the conditions are between man and man, so should they be between nations. Formerly a man settled his grievances by a duel and the better swordsman won, but now men refer their case to the law and it is discussed and settled fairly.

There is also the benefit from such a condition to industry and commerce. In war, business is at a standstill and great sums of money must be spent in maintaining the army. When it is over the countries are in a crippled condition, and have dropped back a pace in the universal progress.

At present there are high tariffs and the free intercourse of trade is obstructed. This is due to narrow ideas of progress and the fear that, should the barriers be thrown down, someone would get more than his share. This would be regulated by the Court of Nations, and since the European nations are jealous of maintaining the "status quo," so were the world bound together in Unity, would it resent the covetous attempt to break the laws of nations.

Another obstacle is the "conflict of laws." But through careful study these laws might be compromised. In the same way as the English Common Law grew out of the decisions of the Courts, an International Law might grow from the decisions of the High Court, which would be composed of the wisest and impartial lawyers.

To this Court of Nations the question of Disarmament must be left, for the nations are not yet prepared to trust one another. Until then, timely preparation for war is the best means of preserving peace.

So we see that the minds and hearts and hands of the whole world are busy at work hastening the development of this last characteristic, Unity. Through the brotherhood of humanity has grown a horror of the practice of human slaughter to settle disputes. Education has proved that it doesn't settle the question of right and wrong. From a practical standpoint people see how peaceful conditions promote industrial progress, and they are beginning to realize the immeasurable benefits of Peace. When in the near future it is hoped the world will add Unity to Mercy, Justice and Wisdom, then there will be Peace indeed. And a multitude on earth will join the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace and good-will toward men."

HELEN E. STURDEVANT.
FINIS.

No Harm Done

Mr. Hughes forgets himself in American History class, and merely answers "No" to one of Miss Crawford's questions, a question which might have been argued on for at least fifteen minutes. There was a panic in the class, the young ladies screamed and many of the strong men wept or fainted, but the memory will stay by us forever.

Better be small and shine than large and cast a shadow.

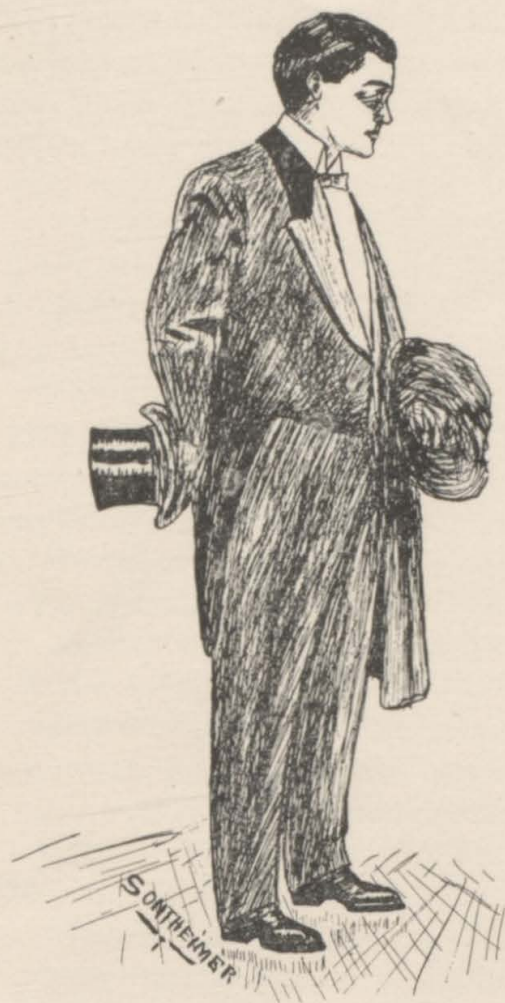
—Warren Noble.

I cannot tell where my heart has gone.
—Marjorie Ellis.

His bright, black eyes kept rolling, rolling.

—Mr. Harris.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS



Junior Reception

The streets of Rome were resounding with the rumble of many carriages about 9 o'clock in the evening of May 1. A few days before the Seniors of the R. F. A. had received invitations to a reception to be given to them by the hospitable Juniors on this night.

Happily did the girls don their party dresses and gather up their flowers; cheerfully did the fellows array themselves in evening clothes and grasp some greenbacks. From the far corners of our city promptly at 9 o'clock gathered at Seegar's dancing Academy wise men and learned women joining a brilliant assembly of green freshmen, gay young sophmores, jolly juniors and wise, dignified Seniors.

Dance programs were furnished, and there were few wall-flowers, for none could resist the excellent music of Yordon's Elite Orchestra. All were merry and happy, especially those near the punch bowls, which beverage was guarded by our pious Leo's fostering care.

There were two or three novel features of this year's "prom." The first was the interesting moonlight dance; the second the barn dance, in which our President displayed his customary dignity in falling gracefully (?), and last, but not least, was the unusual care with which the ever thoughtful juniors, unable to procure Stanwix Hall, had supplied their guests with comfortable resting places (sofas) in the upper hall and on the stair landing. These were duly appreciated by all—particularly by a few couples too well known to require mentioning.

It was with regret that the familiar strain of "Home, Sweet Home" was heard. Every one departed tired out but contented. Moreover, the tastefully decorated hall and the arrangements in general, proved to the Seniors' satisfaction that the ability importance of the class of 1908 were not underestimated by the Juniors who gave their upper classmen in this party one of the most pleasant and successful functions of this school year.

Senior Hop

IT HAS been customary for the Senior class to have a sleighride each year, but owing to the lack of snow and the bad weather we, the class of 1908, decided to have an informal hop. After a series of class meetings we assembled on the evening of February 11, at that well-known place—the nucleus of many good times—Seegar's Academy, prepared for a jolly time. At 9 o'clock Yordon's Elite

Orchestra furnished us with music, and dancing was continued until 2 o'clock, except for a slight intermission. Since it was ungenerous to reserve all the pleasures for ourselves, and owing to the select number with which our class is blessed, we shared our good time with some of the under classmen. After the old chestnut waltz, "Home, Sweet Home," all departed, tired but happy, feeling that they had spent a most delightful evening.

Senior Annual Banquet

ON ONE rainy night in March if a passer-by had been standing near Stanwix Hall he would have said: "Ah! just landed from Salt Lake City. There goes a Mormon accompanied by four wives, and it is a pity, too, for he looks so young and unsophisticated to be burdened with the cares of matrimony." Nevertheless, he seemed to be quite happy and gave each one the most careful attention.

But, forsooth, this was only our editor, Gilbert R. Hughes, accompanied by his assistants, to whom he gave a banquet heartily enjoyed by all present. This has never before been done in the history of the R. F. A., and, aside from being novel and original, it was one of the pleasantest functions of the school year.

A carefully prepared menu was served in a private dining-room, decorated for the occasion, and a souvenir was presented to each in the form of menu card. Mr. Hughes proved himself equal to the occasion as toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to: "How the Annual Should be Conducted," Miss MacFarland; "The Future of the Board of Editors," Miss Marriott; "The Student's Duty in School," Miss Graves; "How the Faculty Should Conduct the

School," Miss Waldo. After the banquet each assistant editor was carefully escorted to her home by our worthy editor, who proved that he could not be phased by four girls, and each one pronounced the evening a most enjoyable one.

D. A. R. ORATION

The Battle of Oriskany

IN THE month of August, 1777, occurred one of the most important battles of the American Revolution—one that was the most decisive and bloodiest—it was the battle of Oriskany. The conflict which makes Rome so rich as an historical site and the results of which were later seen in the battle of Saratoga.

General Burgoyne had arranged an elaborate plan of campaign in London. He proposed to sever the connection between the New England and Middle States, because it was in their union that the colonists gained their power. To provide for this undertaking, Burgoyne secured a force of four thousand British and three thousand Germans, assisted by some Canadians and a body of Indians. Another force, under St. Leger, was to leave Montreal for Oswego at the same time Burgoyne marched through the Champlain valley, and there joined a body of Tories commanded by Sir John Johnson and Indians under Brant. These were to clear the Mohawk valley and meet Generals Burgoyne and Howe at Albany.

In 1758, at the head of boat navigation, where our city of Rome is now built, a fort was erected for the protection of the settlers against the French and Indians during the last French war. This was Fort Stanwix. It was built well but was found to be undesirable for living quarters, and in 1776 a new fort was

erected and named Fort Schuyler in honor of General Philip Schuyler. In 1777 General Peter Gansevoort was put in command of Fort Schuyler, and when he reached there he found the work in an unfinished condition. But about a month later Colonel Marinus Willett and his regiment were assigned to the fort, and with the assistance of General Gansevoort had the fort in as defensible a state as the existing conditions would permit, being totally ignorant of the character and strength of the besieging forces. The garrison consisted of 950 men who had plenty of ammunition for their rifles but an insufficient amount for the cannon.

In June, Thomas Spencer, a friendly Oneida half-breed, informed the garrison that a body of troops comprising seven hundred Indians, under Joseph Brant, four hundred regulars and six hundred Tories, under Sir John Johnson and Colonel St. Leger, were assembled at Oswego, and thence march to the Mohawk valley with Fort Schuyler as their objective point.

This news did not arouse the slow Germans of the upper valley, but seemed to paralyze them with fear. To counteract their timidity, General Herkimer informed the inhabitants of the assembling of the enemy's forces at Oswego and asked all between the ages of 16 and 60 to be in readiness to go into battle at a moment's notice, while preparations were made for the care of the women, children and invalids.

His appeal had its intended effect and soon the militia and people who had become conscious of the nearness of the enemy moved with a degree of alacrity, which contrasted strongly with their former fear.

On the 3d of August Colonel St. Leger reached the fort with his forces of Tories and savages and demanded immediate surrender. No notice was taken of this

command, and on the following morning hostilities commenced. St. Leger appeared rather confident, for he assured General Burgoyne that Fort Schuyler would soon be in his possession and they would meet as victors at Albany.

St. Leger's arrival at Fort Schuyler soon became known throughout the Mohawk valley and the inhabitants nobly responded in accordance with General Herkimer's appeal, and on August 4 eight hundred had assembled at Fort Dayton, now the town of Herkimer.

When the Indians gained access to Fort Schuyler and tried to scare the garrison by their yells, General Herkimer was at Whitestown, only eight miles from the fort with nearly a thousand men.

During the party's stay at Whitestown General Herkimer sent Adam Hilmer and two scouts to inform General Gansevoort of his approach and arrange matters for the co-operation of both armies. The arrival of the messengers was to be announced by three successive discharges of cannon, but the couriers experienced considerable trouble in reaching the fort and did not arrive until 10 o'clock the following morning. The signal guns were then fired, and General Herkimer made immediate plans for advancing, by which he hoped to divert the enemy's attention.

But on the morning of the 6th mutiny broke out in Herkimer's camp. The junior officers and men became impetuous and denounced the slow movement of the General who would not march until he had some evidence that an advance would be made from the fort; but, finally, the taunts of his soldiers incensed him so that he jumped upon a log and cried, "If you will have it so, the blood be upon your heads." Waving his sword he shouted in a voice all could hear, "Vorwärts." For a few moments everything

was in confusion by their eagerness to reach the enemy, but Herkimer soon had some degree of order with Colonel Visscher and the Caughnawaga Company in the rear as guard of the ammunition wagons.

Colonel St. Leger had been apprised of General Herkimer's approach on the evening of the 5th, and decided to meet in the field rather than at his camp, and, accordingly, he dispatched Major Watts with eighty men of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, Sir John's brother-in-law, and the entire body of Indians under Brant, whose purpose was to seduce the Americans into an ambushade. To carry out this scheme, a spot was selected two miles west from Oriskany. The topography of the place was ideal for such an enterprise.

Here were two ravines running north and south, both opening to the north, and divided by a plateau of a few acres. About fifty feet above the ravine to the west the British troops were stationed, being sheltered by trees and bushes. The Indians were ambushed on the east, north and south of the eastern ravine.

Meanwhile, General Herkimer had left Oriskany Creek, entirely ignorant of the ambushade the enemy had prepared for him, only two miles distant.

Herkimer's troop entered the eastern end of the ravine, crossing the plank road which was used to transport the heavy cannon and wagons across the swamp. When they neared the western slope a stray crack of a rifle was heard, and General Cox fell from his horse. This seemed to be a signal for action, for now rifle shot and war-whoop rang out from both sides.

At the first shot General Herkimer drove his horse down the hill, and rallying his surprised men succeeded in drawing them up the slope.

Colonel Visscher and a part of the Caughnawaga company had become separated in the confusion and fled, followed by many of the Indians.

General Herkimer had scarcely got his troops into a semblance of order when he was hit in the leg by a bullet, which at the same time killed his horse. He did not retire from the field but seated himself upon his saddle under a tree, and, having lighted his pipe, continued to direct the manœuvres of his army in his cool and collective manner.

The struggle lasted nearly an hour. The enemy discarded the fire and used their bayonets. But this action made no impression upon the Americans who fought stubbornly.

A severe storm now burst upon the armies and forced them to seek shelter. The rain lasted nearly an hour and the Americans took advantage of this occasion by binding up their wounds and carefully reloading their muskets.

The storm finally passed over, and the battle was resumed in the middle of a sultry day. The new position of the Americans, who were now formed on the plateau towards the south, being concealed by bushes caused the Indians to become uneasy, to such an extent, that Major Watts advanced with a detachment of Royal Greens which had been sent out by Colonel St. Leger. As they drew nearer, the Americans fired upon them, but they kept on advancing until the fight became a hand-to-hand encounter.

The signal guns were now heard from the fort, announcing General Gansevoort's advance. This signal was taken advantage of by General Butler, who changed the dress of a company of Royal Greens so they resembled the Americans, using the hats and coats of the dead patriots for the occasion. These men approached from the direction of the

fort, and were first thought to be reinforcements from Fort Schuyler, but Captain Gardinier and some of his Caughnawaga men were in their path. He soon detected their strategy and ordered his men to fire upon them. About thirty were slain and the remainder fled in confusion. The Indians, seeing how bravely the Americans fought, and, being tired after six hours of hard fighting, raised the retreating cry of "Oonah! Oonah!" and ran in every direction. The Tories, seeing every one had deserted them, also retreated, leaving the Americans victors of the field.

Thus ended the battle of Oriskany. The one upon which the English placed so much confidence, but in which they were so thoroughly beaten that it broke up their future plans of the Revolution, and ultimately ended in the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates at Saratoga.

Senior Hallowe'en Party.

THE class of 1908 is to be congratulated upon the success of the Hallowe'en party. With our usual wise and conservative foresight, we began to make preparations weeks before time. Many secret meetings were held behind closed and guarded doors. Excitement waxed high within the council chamber, but not a whisper concerning our plans reached the curious and mystified underclassmen. Not until the day before did we decide upon the place of rendezvous, for childish plans to kidnap our worthy President had been disclosed. The final decision of the class was that we were to meet at Kautman's farm, on North James street, at 6:30, where two large hay wagons were to convey us to the Olney canning factory in Westernville. As a further precaution for the safety of our

President, it was deemed best for him to start in a private rig immediately after the afternoon session, with a suitable body-guard, which would act as a reception committee to welcome the rest. As the class represented quality instead of quantity, each member invited a guest to enjoy the occasion. We also took the junior orchestra along, but due to a serious mishap on the way, they said they lost nearly all of their music. We should have expected as much, for anything pertaining to the Juniors always ends in a fizzle.

When we reached Westernville, great signs of festivity were seen. Red lights and cheers greeted us as we drove into the village, and upon our arrival at the canning factory, we were immediately escorted to the store-room, which was to be the scene of action. The room was about the size of Seegar's dancing hall and had a very good floor, which had previously been waxed. The room was decorated with pumpkins and ears of corn and lighted with electricity. At 10 o'clock a sumptuous supper was served. The members of the class took the "good things" along, and hot coffee and cream potatoes were made by one of the Westernville ladies, whose daughter, we were fortunate enough to call one of the class.

After supper everybody enjoyed dancing, that is, when the orchestra could be prevailed upon to render a few selections.

Many who were not fortunate enough to be inside, had the pleasure of hanging around on the outside to hear the fun.

At 2 o'clock we started for home. It was a beautiful morning, there being a full moon, and every one enjoyed the ride. The first load was well provided for, having both chaperons and Stevens' "head of light," but no one seems to be able to vouch for the second load. Frank Evans ably entertained Florence Waldo

and the "crowd" by constantly rendering a vocal solo, entitled "Love Me and the World is Mine," but Frank has lost his job, since then, some one else is singing "Welcome, Welcome, Merry June." "Gil" Hughes was up to his old tricks, too numerous to mention.

We arrived home in time to greet the milkmen, tired out but very happy.

The class as a whole extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Olney, for it is due to his kindness and generosity that our Halloween party proved such a success



SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

Echoes From the Class Rooms

The mob attacked policemen and other public buildings. —Anna Schillner.

Miss Crawford—I am waiting for you, Mr. Grosvenor. Leap year? Yes.

After Miss Crawford said that they issued "shin plasters" during the civil war, Inza Marriott asks: "What are they for?"

I wonder what Miss Felton meant when she said, "Tennyson spent his summers in a country home."

Miss Crawford in Ancient History—"Who here is a good Sunday School student?"

Class in Unison—"Mr. Cole."

Miss Crawford—"No sarcasm allowed."

Miss Seeley in English IV—Make a guess at it Mr. E-a-n-s, for that is why you attend school.

Great Excitement in the Virgil Class—F-o-r-n-c- W-l-o is caught gazing at F-a-n- E-a-n-, and Miss Higham was heard to say: "F-o-e-c-, if you love F-a-k all right, but don't lavish your affections on him here, for you disturb me."

Frey in French Class—"O, what a stupid I am."

It Looks Natural

To see our teachers put down zeros.

To see freshmen studying during the intermission.

To see Miss Hayes stamp through the study hall.

To see Warren Noble march out of English History class.

To see Grosvenor playing with a mouse.



FOUR years ago High School athletics throughout this part of the country had lost much in interest as to High School sport, because of the use of "Ringers"—men not attending or not bona fide students of the school. While this custom was in vogue the various teams were composed of strong players, and while good players were obtainable outside of the school no manager or captain bothered to train material in the school, for it was much easier to make a good team out of old players than "raw" material. In this way a great percentage of Rome Free Academy's, as well as other school teams, were not bona fide students, and the student body hardly cared to see such teams play. The object of athletics in our schools is for the enjoyment and development of the students, and as they were, in a way, shut out from taking part they gradually ceased to try for the team, and attendance at the games dropped off.

As most public movements draw to a climax, then turn with some sudden convulsion; so all at once the order of things changed, and with the change came interest and renewed school spirit.

Mr. D. R. Campbell, Professor of Science from — to —, is responsible for the change, and Prof. H. W. Harris, our principal then and now, has constantly aided the good cause, and the school will

forever remain indebted to them for this great service. Under the new regime our teams are doing just as good work. The attendance at the games is excellent—the old spirit is reviving, and the teams feel that they can rely upon the school and fight their games to the very end, while the student body now feeling that the team is truly a part of itself, back, the team with an enthusiasm and interest never before seen.

Adhering strictly to our "pure athletics" rule, our 1907 foot-ball team is one of the biggest successes of the school year. The team was one of the strongest, cleanest playing teams we have had, and the interest they excited during the fall season is well shown by the manager's report, by which we see money laid up for future use and all bills paid.

In those happy foot-ball days, how we anticipated the games, how we cheered the boys on and sang songs, for even when losing we knew the fellows were doing their best, and we liked their spirit as, like tigers, they sprang against the opposing wall of muscle and sinew, ripped it apart, or, by clever manoeuvre, shot a swift runner from their midst to dash down the field with the ball. When this jolly aggregation struck a town people knew someteing had arrived, for the spirit which wins games is hard to hold down and yells and songs announced



FOOT BALL TEAM

Foot Ball Schedule for 1907

	Position.	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Games played
Wendt.....	Q. and E.	20	148	5 ft. 6 in.	4
Bronson	L. H.	20	150	5 " 6 "	1
Chapman	R. H.	19	150	5 " 6 "	9
Grower	L. H.	17	155	5 " 8 "	8
Noble	Q.	15	96	5 " 2 "	5
Selden, Mgr. and Act. Cap. F.		20	145	5 " 11 "	9
Groff	R. E.	17	147	5 " 11 "	9
Owens	L. E.	19	145	5 " 6 "	9
Wingatz	R. T.	23	173	6 "	5
Curtiss	L. T.	18	140	5 " 8½ "	8½
Barnard	R. T.	17	130	5 " 6 "	2½
Sweet	Q.	18	129	5 " 8 "	0
Barker	R. G.	19	152	5 " 10 "	4
Millington	C.	16	160	5 " 8½ "	8
Bright	C.	18	190	5 " 11 "	3
Raffauf	R. T.	16	172	5 " 9 "	9

that there was going to be something doing. We expected something in the '07 team, for even in the spring they were out for practice, the captain and manager working hard with them and the older players showing the new and inexperienced the ways of the game so the work was much lightened for Mr. Curtiss, the coach, who had charge of the team in the fall. We are now looking forward to the 1908 team, not that it has been doing anything this spring, but because we think the material is good and the management excellent. William, better known as "Billie" Sweet, the manager, is of the kind that keeps things moving, as his past foot-ball career shows. Last year he was kept out of the game by breaking his arm in the early practice, but was on hand at every game and was the originally elected captain.

Fred Wendt is another martyr to the cause, for in the fierce game at Oneida he did more than his share of the playing, and, as a result, was "on the shelf" for the rest of the season, though he pluckily tried to play again. Fred's position was at quarter-back and end, but at quarter-back we soon found Warren Noble, "the little man," for he only weighed ninety-six pounds and was so small that he often got lost in the rushes when the ball was advanced. Noble turned out to be the hero of the team, and, as the girls especially remember, played a fine game. They thought the poor little dear would surely be killed, but he has survived to play on next season's team.

Chapman and Grower at right and left half respectively played good, hard ball, and many a touch-down is credited to each.

On the line, Millington, though a new man, made rapid progress and became a fine center. Bright also did well, though

circumstances prevented his playing much.

The center of our line was exceedingly strong and most teams thought it was the hardness of the ground which caused bruises when bucking center, but, in reality, it was only the compact playing of Barker, Curtiss, Millington, Wingatz and Raffauf.

Barker was that tall R. G. who looked easy but stood like a tree. Curtiss, just off the farm, had beef and brawn enough to charge anything in the foot-ball line. Raffauf, at right tackle, put up a fine game, and Wingatz, same position, an old Cazenovia player, was one of those men whom a team feels it must have. He played in that easy, strong style which inspires confidence.

Next we have the ends, Groff and Owens. Both will be remembered for their interference-breaking. Those were great times when we watched them fly at the legs of the opposing interference, and we expect to see them in their positions again next year to block end plays and do their old good work in running down punts.

Olney, Hendy and Bronson did good work at various positions but were unable to play regular. We are glad to observe that Barnard is growing fast, for his size and weight were the only things against him last season. Ray Williams also shows much promise and Selden deserves mention.

This has been a splendid season, and even now in the spring, while we are enjoying base ball, we still are thinking and planning for the team which will battle for the honor of the school in '08, and hope sincerely for the success of R. F. A.'s favorite form of athletics—Foot-Ball.

"He ruled till he died with no interference."—L-i- T-a-m-n.

Track News

OWING to a change of managers late in the season, our track athletes did not have sufficient preparation for entering any of the inter-scholastic meets. They, therefore, stored up all their energies for the inter-class meet which took place Wednesday afternoon, June 10, at Riverside Park. The day was fair, and, considering the fact that examinations were so near at hand, the attendance was large.

In the opinion of those who witnessed the contest it was one of the best athletic contests of the season. There were many contestants in each event, and each man did his part like a true athlete.

Not only was this contest of a high athletic standard, but what was still more noticable was the genuine class spirit which was made manifest at this meet.

Enthusiasm ran high from start to finish. Every boy with any athletic ability entered the contest to win points for his class, while those who could not take part stood by and cheered as they never cheered before. The girls, who seldom take much interest in track contests, were present in large numbers and made the air ring with their class yells as some classmate scored a point.

To us the outcome of this meet is an inspiration for more strenuous track work, and to future teams it is a hope.

Basket Ball

OWING to the fact that the Rome Free Academy has no gymnasium or room suitable for basket ball and no other permanent hall has been procurable, there has been little or no basket ball played, although the material for teams has always seemed abundant.

About seven years ago both girls' and boys' basket ball teams were organized. At this time the spirit was high in favor of basket ball, and both teams were very successful, but owing to the lack of apparatus and a hall the sport was discontinued.

For the last six years the game has been practically dropped. This year, however, under the management of Fraver, two successful games were played, which we hope will be the forerunner of many more next season.

The team was composed of Fraver and Noble as forwards, Caddick and Barnard for guards, with Tedd at center. Fraver being manager and Noble captain.

The team was light and speedy and played fast ball, as was shown by their two games. The first was with Frankfort High School, and, after a spirited contest, closed with the score of 41 to 36 in favor of Rome. The next game was with the Utica Advance School, which resulted, after a hard contest, in another victory for Rome.

To procure a hall for these games at first seemed impossible, but later the management, through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A., obtained their gymnasium.

Next year we will probably have a place of our own, and then we most sincerely hope the sport will be continued with renewed vigor.

I want to be a dandy,
And with the dandies stand;
A stud beneath my necktie,
A cane within my hand,
—Clarence Williams.

Miss C-a-f-r- to English History class:
"Don't you ever learn anything."



BASE BALL TEAM

Scores of Games for 1908

	At		With	
April 18	Rome	10	Little Falls H. S.	4
" 24	Verona	5	R. F. A.	1
May 2	Rome	1	Holland Patent H. S.	4
" 6	Herkimer	5	R. F. A.	0
" 9	Frankfort	9	R. F. A.	8
" 13	Holland Patent	7	R. F. A.	6
" 16	Camden	10	R. F. A.	5
" 20	Rome	9	Frankfort H. S.	2
" 23	Rome	11	Herkimer H. S.	10
" 23	Rome	14	Camden H. S.	3
" 30	Oneida	9	R. F. A.	0
June 6	Little Falls	7	R. F. A.	6

Base Ball Team of 1908

A. C. Raffauf, Manager.

A. W. Noble, Assistant Manager.

Parker Groff, Captain.

ON Monday, March 30, thirty-four students reported at the athletic field for base ball practice. Six of these being members of 1907 team. After three weeks of nearly daily practice the team was chosen to play the first game on April 18, with Little Falls High School at Rome. The team comprised the following: McNamara, pitcher; Fraver, catcher; Groff, first base; Shelley, second base; Miller, third base; Sweet, short stop; with Tedd, Grosvenor and Putnam playing in the field. After the first game, which resulted in a score of 10 to 4 in our favor, the conditions pointed to a victorious season, and the prophecy has certainly gone into effect. While they have not won an unusual number of games, all the contests were close and the team showed the effects of strenuous coaching.

Much consideration is due Captain Groff who labored incessantly for the benefit of the team and did unusual good work on the initial sack.

Miller, a new man this year, succeeded in covering third base. His playing was exceptionally good both at the bat and in the field.

McNamara was the mainstay in the pitcher's box, and by keeping a cool head and using the best of judgment he has a record that some pitchers would be proud of. Owens and Plunkett also did good work when called upon.

Sweet, one of our old players, improved a great deal this year, and has a good batting average.

Shelley, our "freshman," is a natural born base ball player. His snappy work in the field has caused many favorable comments about his work.

Fraver, behind the bat, has kept the team from going "into the air" many times by his encouragement, and has the best batting record of the nine.

Putnam, Tedd and Grosvenor did great work in the field. Putnam made some great sensational catches, Tedd did good batting, and Grosvenor has the honor of going through the season without making an error.

With such players in the field we closed our base ball season with Prof. Campbell's words echoing in our ears: "Pure athletics now and forever."

A Novel Awakener

ON the morning of May 22, 1908, there occurred an event somewhat different from the usual happenings. For on this date many of the students were up bright and early to witness the arrival of Robins' circus. Among those from the Academy were Miss W. and Mr. O. who had planned the night before to witness this great event. If this was all there was to the romantic tale it would soon have passed into oblivion and never have reached this prominent space. But such was not the case, for on that morning an observer noticed Mr. O. at the early hour of 4:30 pulling on a string beneath a window of Miss W.'s boarding place on North James street. The observer at first could not determine the cause of such an act on the part of Mr. O., but, upon inquiry, found that the other end was tied around Miss W.'s wrist, and the key, which was tied to the lower end of the string, was to keep it in place so that Mr. O. could have free access to it and be able to arouse Miss W. from peaceful sleep.

"He has a good-looking face.— A-o-G-i-m.

History of the Class of '08

Albert W. Orton, Jr., President
Helen Sturdevant, Vice-President
Amos Grimm, Secretary
Marjorie Ellis, Treasurer

IT was during the beautiful days of fall while I was enjoying the Cat-skills that I heard that I was to be our class historian. This region abounds in fanciful legends, so I took it as a matter of course when I heard of the wizard of the mountains who possessed mirrors of magic power. "Here is a chance to aid my memory in recalling our High School days," I said to myself. So I seized the chance and sought the magician. He asked what period of time I wished to see, and, upon stating my desire, he led me into a room and left me there alone. The four walls consisted of vast mirrors, differing from the ordinary kind in that they reflected no image.

As I gaze wonderingly, the first mirror changes appearance. Here were a hundred shy little girls, with the primest of braids, and boys in knee trousers, who, from all appearances, wish themselves back in the soothing presence of Mr. Barringer. Very timid and insignificant they seem as they patter along to algebra class. A few of the more bold lads dare to feel that they are creatures of the same kind as the sophomores; but I see this recklessness quelled in the tub awaiting them outside on school grounds. At this point one of the little freshmen gives a tremendous jump in his seat, and, with a very red face, plunges deep into his physiology book, for there is the teacher rapping fiercely upon the desk to gather his wandering thoughts.

The panorama passes swiftly by and the next thing I see is the afternoon after examinations. Here are the fortunate ones dancing around jubi-

lantly and showing their delight in a most lively way, but I see a few with doleful faces and heavy hearts. The scene slowly fades from the first mirror and I turn to the next.

Here comes our class, much diminished in size. How disdainfully they look down upon the freshmen! The seed of genius has sprung up rapidly since the first year. There is Helen reciting amid the open-mouthed wonder of her classmates. Here is Inza, amusing another class by her bright remarks. And Leo, the lion, in knee trousers, is carrying the dictionary so that the rest of his classmates may understand him as he recites. Two others are coming to join us, Vera Rees and Marjorie Ellis, both looking as though they had left the Hub of the Universe and were now only in Rome! Our mischief-loving Dot is making her departure from class, and I imagine that I hear, "Miss Ethridge, you may leave the room, since you have failed to remember that you are only one of forty-eight!"

With this, the second mirror becomes blank and I turn to the third. Here come the Juniors, the girls with long skirts, and hair done in most elaborate little puffs and coils, and the boys in long trousers. But I see only one-third of the original number. Two bridal processions appear before me. The brides are older members of our class who have chosen the path of wedded life to that of knowledge. In a few moments there comes another ceremony, but of a kind which brings sadness, for one of our number is being carried forever from our midst. The algebra room, buzzing with excitement, appears. This is the first class meeting of '08. The young orators, Gilbert Hughes and June Orton, hold their hearers, with the exception of a few for whom it would be utterly impossible, speechless with their eloquence!

Here a scene of great beauty opens be-

fore me. It is the reception given by our class as Juniors to the Seniors of 1907. But in an instant it is gone, like a lovely vision.

Suddenly the study hall seems to tremble as if with an earthquake. The girls are filled with terror and a few are about to go into hysterics, but some one comes from the laboratory and calmly assures them that Edell and Burton are merely amusing themselves with gunpowder and dynamite, and that all are safe except the two most closely concerned.

Now the commencement exercises of 1907 cross the mirror and I see one of our own number called to share their honor by receiving the Davis prize.

Almost with regret I turn to the last mirror picturing the senior year of our noble class. Sixteen girls and three boys are all that survive from the original hundred. I remember that seventeen of our members have decided to graduate later, four are to be found in other schools, and many are seeking their fortunes in the business world. But events come crowding upon each other, and I must name them as they pass.

First to appear is the Hallowe'en Party. The Seniors, with all their gravity laid aside, are frolicking about the large room in the Westernville canning factory. The more fastidious members of the party—not all the fair sex, however—seem to be arranging their locks before a bright tin pan. Now, the Academy Orchestra, accompanied by Leo Burton, who plays on an old basin with a corn cob, begins, and there is a rush for partners.

Next I see the Senior dance. Judging from all appearances the dancers do not seem to notice the difference between it and a sleighride.

The Slingerland contest comes before me. The audience is breathlessly hanging on every word from the lips of our

eloquent orators, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Orton, and our readers, Miss Waldo and Miss Smith. Now the judges are giving the decision. The face of every Senior wears a smile of satisfaction, for three prizes are taken by '08.

And again they are having a triumph for Miss Sturdevant wins the D. A. R. prize.

The next scene marks the close of High School days for the Seniors. I see them giving up their many follies. But suddenly there arises from these the glorious banner of 1908! Soon they are bidding farewell to the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

The scene slips by swiftly and class day arrives. The Seniors are waiting with feverish anxiety to learn what the fates have in store for them, for upon these prophecies depend their future happiness.

And now comes the night of Commencement, the goal for the attaining of which we have oft, with Milton, "outwatched the bear." As our stately Seniors advance to receive their diplomas, I turn, expecting to see another scene, but the wizard again stands at my side, and, smiling, tells me that that is all, and my mission is accomplished.

HISTORIAN OF '08.

The feelings of Mr. H-r-i- after the Utica foot ball game may be expressed in the words of the immortal Shakespeare: "All hell shall stir for this."

He never did harm, that I heard of.—
F-r- N-b-e.

The young ladies of R. F. A. certainly have a great deal of school spirit as well as fine lung power. If you don't believe it, ask some one that went to the Utica foot ball game.

History of Athletics

S. M. Stevens, Jr., President.
 Harvey Seldon, Vice-President.
 Helen Sturdevant, Secretary.
 Prof. Harris, Treasurer.
 Cletus Raffauf, Manager Base Ball.
 William Sweet, Manager Foot Ball.
 Gilbert Hughes, Manager Hockey.
 Frank Fraver, Manager Boys' Basket Ball.
 Isabel Howland, Manager Girls' Basket Ball.

A FEW years ago the Athletics in the R. F. A. took a decided change for the better through the influence and untiring energy of Prof. D. R. Campbell. Under his leadership, the Athletics and methods of the Association were purified to the highest degree attainable. We, at the close of this school year, are proud to boast that Prof. Campbell's labor was not in vain, and that we have, in all respects lived up to the example which he set for us.

At the regular annual meeting of the Athletic Association last fall the above named officers were elected for the ensuing year. These officers have done all within their power to forward the best interests of the Association, and the fruits of their toil are shown in the unusual success of our teams in the past year.

There have been many new candidates for athletic honors, and their success is demonstrated by the number of recipients of the "R's" which were awarded by the President of the association in June, 1908.

Now, it is the duty of the student body in the future to keep up the good work which has been done in the past. Not only by attending all athletic contests but also by taking part in them.

Great Excitement—The faculty of R. F. A. and all the girls are excited. The boys feel something has happened. Upon inquiry, it was learned by the editor-in-chief "Casey" O'B. has asked Miss F. to go for a drive. Good luck Miss F., hope you land him.

In English History—Miss C.—"How did the Normans live?"

Arthur Tedd—"Very luxuriously, because they had four meals a day.

What did O-t-n mean when he said: "Let the interior angles be donated by (S.)

Miss Edell gives a recitation in American History, entitled "The Free Slaves in America."

Most accomplished bluffer.—I-a-e-H-w-a-d.

Most of the people were farmers who lived on farms.—E-l- E-w-r-s.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.—L-i-T-a-m-n.

A dignified (?) Senior.—I. H.

Wanted—A glass by which Miss Crawford's writing on the black board may be reduced to characters small enough to be read.

Though it appears a little out of fashion, there is much care and valor in this Welshman.—F-a-k E-v-n-.

Let them take their teddy bears and go home.—Mr. Harris.

C-l-a C-s-, in American History, "Washington hadn't got onto it good yet." Very grammatical, Miss C.



R. F. A. Orchestra

THIS musical organization, known as the Rome Free Academy Orchestra, is the commendable result of a worthy effort on the part of a number of enterprising students who believe in keeping up the good name of the Rome Free Academy. Organized in 1904, and known as Prof. Barringer's orchestra, they have pushed aside the barriers until they have won the favor, not only of the student body, but also of the citizens of Rome. At many entertainments they have graciously added to the program well rendered selections which have brought forth merited applause. On the rolls of the orchestra may be found these honorary members: Misses Lois Thalman and Helen Williams, Chester Birnie, Leo Willson, Allen Grower, Edward Jones,

Ray Caddick and Franklin Chapman, the following being the present members: Stuart Gerwig, Harry Hitchcock, Howard Poole, Cletus Raffauf, Wallace Ross, Harry Turney and Clarence Williams. The orchestra's first public appearance was at the graduating exercises of the class of 1905, and was drilled by Miss Tucker. Since then it has been under the leadership and capable management of Harry G. Hitchcock. The orchestra owns a large library of music, both classic and popular, and at many school rhetoricals they have gratuitously graced the program with pleasing results to themselves and to the elocution teachers.

Thus endeth this brief history, and that the orchestra may have continued success is the sincere wish of its many friends.

D. A. R. ESSAY**Our Flag, Its History and What It Stands For.**

WHEN the colonies of America were still a part of England, their national flag was the British ensign, but when the rebellion against the oppression of the mother country arose, the colonies adopted flags of their own. But many were unwilling to give up their English flag entirely and they modified it in many ways to suit their own uses. Thus, the flag that the soldiers bore at Bunker Hill was blue with the cross of St. George on a white field and a pine tree in the upper left-hand corner. Two other early flags were: The pine tree flag of the navy, white, with a pine tree and above it the motto, "An appeal to Heaven;" and the rattlesnake flag of South Carolina, yellow, with a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles, coiled ready to strike and above it the threatening words, "Don't Tread On Me." These were but temporary standards, and with the desire for independence came the necessity for an emblem representing the colonies as a whole. This need was felt especially in the navy, for a ship sailing without a flag was liable to capture as a pirate ship.

The first truly American flag was the Continental Union flag, or "the flag of the thirteen stripes," raised at the Continental camp at Cambridge to celebrate New Year's Day, 1776. It consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the union. This was the first flag to receive a foreign salute. On November 16, 1776, Captain Robinson of the "Andrea Doria" saluted the Dutch flag on the Island of St. Eustatius, and DeGraaff, the commander of the fort, returned the salute with thirteen guns, for

which act, on complaint of Great Britain, he was recalled from command.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This resolution shows the conception our forefathers had of their country. The word "States," used almost for the first time, implied that the colonies were no longer independent, but united under one central government. The idea of the flag itself as a symbol, of national sovereignty, implies their right to enter as a political body the family of nations. A short time after this resolution was passed the flag was officially presented to John Paul Jones. This was the birth of our national flag, our Stars and Stripes.

There are several theories about the origin of its form. Some claim that it was suggested by the coat-of-arms of Washington, which bears stars and stripes. Another theory is, that the idea was taken from the constellation Lyra which, in the hand of Orpheus, signifies harmony, that the blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Scottish covenanters' banner representing the league covenant of the United States against oppression, and that the stripes were a blending of the red flags of the army with the white flags of the navy. However that may be, we all know that Washington and a committee of Congress called on Miss Betsy Ross, of Arch street, Philadelphia, to ask her aid in planning a flag. She looked at the rough sketch they had brought and made several practical suggestions which were later carried out. And this flag of our nation, young as this nation is beside other nations, is older than the present banners of Great Britain, Spain, France or Germany, which have all been adopted since 1800.

It was John Paul Jones, our great naval hero, who first raised this national emblem on a naval vessel, and the Stars and Stripes of his ship received their first foreign salute by a French fleet under Piquet in Quiberon Bay, February 14, 1778. But it is our own Fort Stanwix which has the honor to have raised the Stars and Stripes in victory for the first time. It was on the memorable August 6, 1777, after the battle of Oriskany, when Old Glory first floated triumphantly in the breeze over five captured British standards above Fort Stanwix. It was a rude flag, hastily constructed out of an old army coat, a white shirt and some pieces of red flannel, but it cheered and gladdened the exulting hearts of the little garrison as no flag of silk and satin ever could.

What did that flag mean to those brave hearts in that little fort in the wilderness? It meant victory against overwhelming odds; it meant life and protection against the tomahawk of the Indian and the guns of the British; it was the reward of unceasing watchfulness, unswerving courage, days of toil and nights of terror.

What does the flag mean to us in this day of peace and prosperity? As it floats above us, shimmering in the sunlight, what does it tell us? What does it stand for, this emblem of ours? Why do our hearts beat quickly and our eyes grow dim as we gaze upon its shining folds? It is because it represents all that we are thankful for, all that we love and all that we hope for in this great country of ours. It stands for so much that our voices catch as we try to express our feelings in words.

In the first place it is a memorial of the valorous deeds, the bright hopes and the noble purposes of our forefathers. It reminds us of Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and Yorktown. All the struggles of the

thirteen little colonies fighting side by side for liberty, are represented in the thirteen red and white stripes. The "new constellation" of thirteen stars shows the hope that the new-born nation would become a great country, and the addition of a new star for each state expresses expansion and prosperity.

The colors in the flag are representative of the noble purposes of our ancestors and express the great principles of our nation "With its red for love and its white for law and its blue for the hopes that our fathers saw of a large liberty." The red expresses valor, courage, patriotism, a love of country. And patriotism means not only to be willing to die for one's country, but to live for one's country, the courage to live as a patriot should live. The white stands for purity, the pure foundations of our government, and the blue stands for truth, loyalty, justice and education.

And should we not try to carry out these great principles of our forefathers, expressed in the very banner of our land? Written upon it in symbols are the words "Liberty, Fraternity and Union," and, as we widen our boundaries until the sun never sets upon our dominions, our flag should carry with it, not only love of country, but purity of government and justice. In the heart of every one of the many millions who call the Stars and Stripes their own, should be the determination to live up to all that it represents, to be worthy of Old Glory.

Our flag has never been unfurled in an ignoble cause. Our flag has never known defeat. Our flag subdued the Barbary pirates who had resisted all other nations. Our flag taught England not to interfere with our commerce in the war of 1812. Our flag, when the nation divided against itself, stood by its principle of freedom, and when, after a bitter struggle, it had triumphed,

it received its truant children under its folds again, never more to be divided. Our flag carries respect with it, for the power of a vast republic is behind it—a republic based on the pure foundations of a government by the people, of education of the people and justice for the people.

The reputation of the flag has been established by war but now it is foremost in the advancement of peace. Our country has done much to encourage peace conferences and has shown a great interest in the question of arbitration and establishment of an International Court. It was beneath the Stars and Stripes, on American soil, that the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia was negotiated. Therefore, the words first used in regard to the Father of our country may be said of the flag for which he fought—it is first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of its countrymen. And we can almost hear Old Glory as it gently whispers in the murmuring breeze.

“Peace shall raise aloft her standard where my loyal troops have marched, And shall brood upon the waters where my pennant is unfurled; And the deep tones of my cannon shall be hushed forevermore, When my banner sheds its glory thro’ the confines of the world.”

HELEN STURDEVANT.

“Miss M-r-i-t-, don’t read your recitation right out of the book.”

Miss M-r-i-t-—“Well, I can’t get it straight unless I do.”

Miss C-a-f-r- remarks that it is a great comfort for her to know that the American History class will never die from overwork.

“Honey boy, I hate to see you leaving.” Heard about 10:15 at the corner of Washington and Thomas streets.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For though he always hits the mark,
He’s always making Mrs.

I sapped sweet nectar from her lips,
As under the moon we sat,
And wondered if ever another fellow
Had drunk from a mug like that.
—C-g-w-l-.

Pa heard him give the High School yell,
For joy he could not speak;
He murmured, “Mother, listen to
Our Willie talking Greek.”

O where, O where has my Stoddie gone?
O where, O where does he stay?
He used to come to see me once,
But now he keeps away.
—L-n- M-F-r-a-n-.

You can hear him in the cellar,
You can hear him in the hall,
But when he is in the recitation room
You can’t hear him at all.
—W-r-e- N-b-e.

Let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He’ll shut his Bible and enjoy the sight.
—E-. C-l-.

Morin—If an Indian woman is called a squaw, what is an Indian child called?
Watson (Freshman)—A squawker.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine.
—M. W-r-w-l-.



Wanted to Know—How Messrs. Shelley and Williams liked their lady friends from Camden who stung them at the Little Falls foot ball game.

M-r-o- O-n-y is short but sweet.
—F. S-e-l-y.

Mr. S. to Miss M.—Now, you see, if you married me your name would be P-u-i-e M-w-y-S-e-t.

A deep silence followed, and the atmosphere of the place was moved only by Miss M's shy blushes, but, just at this moment, a voice from above was heard: "O, this is so sudden."

Miss C. in American History—What were we discussing last time?

Mr. T. (not understanding the question)—Was that in the lesson?

How do you suppose T-m B-i-h- and Miss H-y-s looked at "The Merry Widow" in the Lyric.

In French II—He threw a frightened glance down the stairs.

—A. G-i-m.

The boy is Seld(om) around the Academy.

Miss H-y-s in an Elocution Class—What part of the head denotes affection? Porter—The lips.

Women's Politics Well Illustrated—V-r- R-e-, showing F. W-l-o a fashion plate in the Academy and planning a new shirt waist for the Hallowe'en party.

Miss C-se and Mr. T-wns-nd make their first appearance.—Mirabile dictu.

Miss B. to the Geometry Class—Now we will look at Miss Sellick's FIGURE.

Wanted to Know—How Flany broke the sofa? Ask Miss C-a-f-r-.

Why C-a-e-c- W-l-i-a-s is so proud of his feet.

Why Isabel is so "Sweet" and yet so "Cole" (cold).

The "400" of the Theta Phi—"Ab." O. and "Carl" Turney.

We thought Leo, at least, was beyond the clutches of the fair sex; "but alas, where in the world are we." He was seen to walk to school with Miss S-u-d-v-n-, and to converse in the hall with Mis M-cF-r-a-d. Beware, Leo!"

There are \$20 worth of "heavenly crowns" scattered around on the feminine side of the study-hall. Young ladies, think of how far that would go toward the piano fund!!!!

Girls' Prophecy, 1908

AFTER I graduated from the R. F. A., it was twenty years before I had a chance to revisit the scenes of my childhood. As I alighted from the airship by which I had returned, I noticed that, except for the stations of one or two airship lines, the town had not changed much.

As I walked up North James street I noticed a lady whom I remembered as Miss LeMoyne Evans, a classmate of mine. When I had introduced myself, we talked of various commonplaces. Suddenly a gay looking ærial runabout sailed above us with a stunningly dressed lady as one of its occupants. Miss Evans told me that she was one of our classmates whom we had known as Miss Hattie Martin. "She married a middle-aged millionaire," said Miss Evans. I always knew she had a pleasant smile but I never thought it would accomplish that."

When I heard this, I saw the good of her practice at the Hallowe'en party, and the proverb, "Practice makes perfect," seemed more true than ever.

"What became of the rest of the class?" I asked.

"I know about some of them," she said. "I keep a boarding house now, you know, and a great many of them stay with me. Come up to dinner and meet them."

I was delighted to improve the opportunity to see with my own eyes what changes time had made in my fair companions.

The first one to take her seat was "Tred" Ellis. She had got out a patent on a new kind of umbrella. It folds up so small that whoever she wants to take an evening stroll with her can fold it up and put it in his pocket. Now she is no longer afraid of showers.

Vera Rees came in as Miss Ellis finished her story. She said that she had graduated from Vassar, taken an A. M. from Barnard, and a Ph. D. from the University of Athens. Thus equipped, she had succeeded Miss Higham in the department of Latin and Greek at R. F. A.

Inza Marriott now danced in. She had become a partner in an undertakers' firm. Her gloomy face, sad speech, and solemn demeanor were a great comfort at a funeral.

The last of this group of well remembered friends was Miss Elma Graves. She had such success as a prophetess when she graduated that she has stuck to it since. She very kindly volunteered information as to several others who were so unhappy as to live beyond the boundaries of Rome.

"Alberta Edell has married a farmer near here," she said. "They are now living in Floyd. I hear from her every day as she keeps five Bell 'phones in the house out of fondness for the name.

"Jessie Ely showed her foresight by marrying a civil engineer, a member of the Barge Canal commission. She got such a fine price for her home in Delta when the place was finally flooded that they are living on their income in Venice, the land of canals.

"Speaking of Delta, reminds me of Florence Smith. She lives on the bank of the new canal. They say she manages an excursion boat with a very efficient Rudd-er.

"Lena MacFarland, after much study, became librarian in the Congressional library. They say that when her appointment was announced, Evans got the post of janitor in the same building.

"She wrote me the other day of receiving a call from the elocutionist of our class, Miss Waldo, who is also in Washington. Just before Orton entered col-

lege in 1908, he invented a system of letterless thought transfer. In order to make sure of its efficiency before making it public, he asked Florence to try it with him. It proved so successful that—well, they are in partnership for the promotion of its general acceptance.

"She said, too, that she had seen, during her latest vacation, the class baby, Marion Sassenbery. She was then enjoying her honeymoon with a rather Grim(m) young man at Clifford's Cove in Maine."

"But what became of our valedictorian?" I asked, as she paused in her recital.

"O, yes! Helen is the head professor of philosophy at Syracuse University," she continued. "She has gained great renown for herself through the demonstration of Plato's idea of friendship."

After the dinner hour had passed thus pleasantly, I wandered about the streets for some time, but was stopped by a sign on the Lyric's board:

MISS RUTH WOOD

THE MODERN PATTI

MAY 15, 1928

Of course I bought a ticket and spent an evening of exquisite enjoyment.

When I returned to my room at the hotel, I picked up a paper to bring my mind down to earth again. There, to my astonishment, I read as follows:

"The most interesting debate in history will soon be held. The question to be discussed is:

"Resolved, That the Jones family is of more ancient origin and of more distinguished acquirements than the Smith family."

"The leader of the affirmative is Miss

Edith J. Smith, of Rome, N. Y., and of the negative, Miss M. Florence Jones, of Utica. This question is of such widespread interest that there is a possibility it will have to be carried into The Hague courts for settlement."

This news was so overwhelming that I became at once unconscious.

LEO BURTON.

Class History 1909

A. C. Raffauf, President.

Pauline Mowry, Vice-President.

J. Elton Townsend, Secretary.

Lois Thalman, Treasurer.

NO class in the records of history has ever been launched from the loving and fatherly teachings of Prof. Barringer into that deep and mysterious sea of learning (the Rome Free Academy), more illustrious and fame-winning than that of 1909. And what right have we to boast in this manner? Let us, for a few moments call attention to the records we have made along educational and athletic lines. On September 9, 1905, we entered upon our duties in the Academy for the first time with no feeling of fear and timidity that "Freshmen" usually betray. From the start we took up our work with zeal and determination to win honor and glory for our class, and in this we have been more than successful, and have had the good fortune to be on the honor roll.

In athletics, we have accomplished as much and more than the majority of classes in the past. Sweet, Putnam, Raffauf and Noble have won fame on the gridiron, and Tedd, Sweet and Putnam have done good work on the base ball field. We have outclassed all other classes on the track also, scoring 69 points in our Freshmen year and winning

each year since. The adversory board consists of five of our members, namely: President, Stoddard M. Stevens, Jr., Manager Base Ball, A. C. Raffauf; Foot Ball, William P. Sweet; Manager Girls' Basket Ball, Isabel Howland.

There is one misfortune, however, which has marred the surface of our history, and that is the death of one of our beloved members, Ralph Emery Ely.

Along social lines we have been equally successful, for we have held many enjoyable sleighrides and picnics. On the 1st of May we gave the Seniors a reception long to be remembered by all participating. All the committees deserve credit for their good work, and especially the Decorating Committee, which was in charge of H. Hugo Putnam. The hall and corridors were handsomely decorated with school and fraternity banners and the upper halls were filled with cosy settees, in which a very striking and emotional comedy drama was being enacted, with our Class Treasurer, Miss Lois Thalman, in the title role.

Of our individual members much could be said, but space prohibits. Our President is so mixed up in financial affairs that he has on several occasions attempted to do something rash. It is understood, nevertheless, that Shelley will back him if he will only agree to leave his girl alone.

Our Vice-President, Pauline Mowry's time is completely taken up reading "Stoddard's" Lectures.

Sweet and Cole have been contemplating a duel, but have finally agreed to let Isabel decide it.

After the Junior reception Warren Noble, Chairman of the Door Committee, gave a swell dinner party to the other committees in charge. (Taken from the Police Gazette, May 2, 1908.)

Clarence Williams is making a sensational hit with his women's shoes.

Hitchcock has requested the historian to please put his name in the Senior Annual.

Arthur Tedd is looking for a position with the Home Telephone Company.

While Grogan is still thinking up jokes to crack on fellow students.

In conclusion we bid a hearty farewell to the class of 1908, and hope that when we re-enter upon our duties in September we may be looked upon as Seniors.

Submitted by

A. C. RAFFAUF,
C. N. WILLIAMS.

I never give kisses, but I can't help it if they are taken.

—"F-z-y" S-u-r-s.

Conversation Overheard in School—S. S-e-e-s—Now, Cole, I would like to see P-u-i-e to-night, but I was up only Saturday, so I don't know what she'll say, so you telephone and ask her.

E. C-l—Why don't you 'phone yourself?

S. S-e-e-s—Because I know that P-u-l-n- finds it so hard to say "no" to me.

A Lovesick Swain—A. W. O., Jr.—Miss Marriott is a very ambitious girl. No UNDERTAKING is too great for her.

R. F. A. Gibson Girls—Misses B-r-e- and C-r-i-.

Why does Mr. Porter bestow so many of his smiles on the Senior girls?

Gentleman of leasure—I-w-n D-y-e.

Had I as many hearts as there be stars I'd give them all to thee.

—F. E. to F. W.

History of the Class of 1910

I DEEM it a very great honor to compose the history of so noted a class as the Class of 1910. Another year has passed, leaving us prepared to enter our Junior year, and to take upon our shoulders the burdens thrown off by those in advance.

Since we wished to surpass previous Sophomore classes, we had a sleighride to Verona on the evening of February 27. This enjoyable affair reflected much credit on those, who by great stress and strain brought it about.

But this event made much trouble for Mr. Bailey, who found it necessary to use Algebraic expressions in order to make his accounts appear straight. On the account book of that gentleman we find this item: Paid for ten horseshoes for two horses, \$3.00.

Mr. Cogswell deserves our sympathy, for at present he is meditating on the poor judgment shown by his fair lady at the base ball dance.

Parker Groff, captain of the Rome Free Academy Base Ball team, adds considerable weight and a great deal of distinguished ability to our class, and we prize his membership very highly.

Clarence Plunkett, who one day threw his German book out of the window, because he was so warm, needs a guardian in the eyes of the historian.

I am sorry to say that the girls, although they have done great honor to themselves as students, have not as yet been conspicuous along the social lines, but we hope for better things in the future.

Miss Esther Freeman has reflected great credit upon herself in her studies, and has given us an idea she will be valedictorian of the class.

Miss Genevieve Herbst deserves our attention, for she has been very painstaking

and faithful in the capacity of pianist during chapel exercises.

This completes the history of our most worthy class and mentions with due esteem our most distinguished members.

Isn't It Painful

To see Mr. Hendey try to flirt?

To have Miss Squires and Miss Searles rush in school about 9:05?

To hear Sammy Grosvenor's neckties swear at his socks?

To try and appear interested when Moss Kent tells of his fine shots last year when he was ALONE in the woods.

"What healing medicine shall I find
To cure thy love, distemper'd mind."
—A-i-e R-w-a-d.

More happy than the gods is he
Who, soft reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes thy sweetly-dimpled smiles.
—L-i- T-a-m-n.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love thee more,
If it prove fair weather.
—L-n-i-g B-i-e.

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Does everything by starts, and nothing
long.
—"B-l-" Owe-s.

O, let me howl some heavy note,
Some deadly dogged howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beast and fatal fowl.
—H-g- P-t-a.

I live and love, what would you more?
As never over lived before.
—Miss F-r and F-x.

Boys' Prophecy

LATE one September afternoon in the year of 1950, I was sitting alone with my cat and canary in my small apartment, when the postman brought me a letter from a friend, writing me to join a party touring the world in an automobile. I gladly accepted and soon started on the trip, which lasted several months. It was eventful and interesting, but I was glad when we arrived in New York State again.

As the tour ended at New York City, I decided to remain there for a short time before returning home. One day, as I was glancing over the newspapers, I chanced to pick up a special edition of the New York Sun. This gave a description of the wonderful scientific achievements of a noted professor by the name of Allerton. The article described many unique inventions of the Professor, and stated that by means of his science, he could perform as many mysterious feats as a magician. It went on to say that he would receive callers at his home on Nine Hundred and Ninety-ninth street, and demonstrate any of his inventions which the visitor might wish to see.

As my curiosity was aroused, I decided to make a call upon the famous scientist. Accordingly I started for his house the next morning, my mind filled with all sorts of queries concerning his inventions. All the cars for Nine Hundred and Ninety-ninth street were packed with people but I finally gained a seat in one of them. The passengers near me were talking excitedly about the great professor and I gathered from their talk that he was busy from morning till night lecturing to the crowds that came to hear him.

At last the car reached Nine Hundred

and Ninety-ninth street, and following the crowd, I reached the house of Professor Allerton. The entrance led to a spacious hall in which were cases of curios and models of several of the professor's inventions. I noted that the floor was composed of large square blocks of marble. The most peculiar thing about this room was that it had no door except the one leading to the street. I had just begun to wonder how I was to gain access to the professor, when the portion of the floor on which I was standing began to move slowly downward! Thinking that nothing could be strange in that house of wonders, I stood still, and in a moment found myself in a very large room containing absolutely no furniture, but the walls were covered with thousands of electric push buttons. The only occupant of the room was a very tall man who was pressing one of the buttons. After the block on which I was standing had reached the floor and I had stepped from it, he released the button, and the block ascended to its former place in the ceiling above. I was too astonished to do anything but gaze in awe at the tall man, till it gradually dawned upon me that sometime, somewhere, I had seen him before. I searched my memory diligently, but could not ascertain his identity until he spoke, saying that he was Professor Allerton, and asked in what branch of science I was particularly interested. Then in a flash I knew that it was none other than he who had been the president of the class of 1908 in Rome Free Academy, and had then been known as A. W. Orton, Jr.

The professor had by this time recognized me, and cordially invited me to be seated and talk over the old High School days. As he spoke he pressed some of the buttons on the wall and two chairs glided into the room, coming to a stop beside us. Again, overcome with

wonder, I sat down, while the professor began to converse fluently about the happy times we had spent in R. F. A. Then he said that after graduating from High School he had gone to college, but did not complete his career there, as he knew more than any of the professors, and thus it was merely a waste of time to remain. He had then gone on lecturing tours through the United States and Europe, and had been eagerly heard by the eminent scientists of both countries. After this he had looked about for some quiet place in which to establish a laboratory, and had finally decided that Westernville, N. Y., was an ideal spot for his needs. Here even his beloved science could not make him invulnerable to Cupid's darts, and he was soon living no longer in single blessedness.

After his marriage he came to the conclusion that his ability was too great to be wasted upon Westernville, and, accordingly, changed his place of residence to New York city. Here he had gradually risen in his profession until he was now one of the greatest scientists in the world.

After the professor had concluded this modest tale, I inquired if he knew what had become of the other young men in our class. To my delight, he replied in the affirmative, saying that they had all become famous men. Mr. Hughes had gone through college and law school, and had developed into a lawyer of remarkable ability. He was at his best in an argument, and his specialty was divorce cases. He had won many cases by his oratorical power and his remarkable faculty for speaking so many hours at a time that his hearers all dropped asleep before he had half finished. Thus a jury, not having heard the greater part of his speech, never dared to decide against him.

In spite of his great success as a law-

yer, Mr. Hughes had given up his profession to become a politician. Professor Allerton said he was at that time a United States senator and had, by the very force of his oratory, caused the passing of several important bills. One of these required that the editors of all newspapers, magazines, and high school and college papers should not be allowed to work more than one hour a day. Senator Hughes had evidently not forgotten the trials and tribulations he underwent in editing the Senior Annual in R. F. A. The professor assured me that although Mr. Hughes was a great social lion at Washington he had never married, as he had been too busy with his many love affairs.

Mr. Burton had also succeeded remarkably well, having become a great historian. His greatest work was an American History, but he was also an authority on Ancient History and all mythical tales. He had accumulated such a large fortune that he had ceased his historical labors and now spent his time traveling about the country with Mr. Selden, visiting athletic games of all descriptions.

The professor next told me of the career of Mr. Grimm. That gentleman had become an architect of world wide renown. He was not, however, fond of public life, but had married very happily and was a contented family man. His greatest architectural work was the Cathedral of St. Matthew, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world.

Mr. Halleck, being of a frivolous disposition, had gone to Paris and there become one of the most famous dancing masters in the world. He had gained his greatest renown by teaching the barn-dance to the gay Parisians, and was now sought by people from all over the world.

As Professor Allerton stopped speak-

ing, a trim maid entered and said the people who had gathered in the hall above were demanding an audience with him, and would not be satisfied until they had seen him. I rose to depart, while he pressed another of the numerous buttons on the wall and a portion of it swung back, disclosing a stairway leading to the street. Our former president then invited me to attend an illustrated lecture he was to give the next day. After accepting, I departed, happy beyond expression because I had heard of my former classmates.

Conundrums

Grimm—Why do men wear belts?

MacCurn—To keep their trousers up, of course.

Townsend—You're wrong, it's to keep them from coming down.

Ques.—What is the difference between a church bell and a politician?

Ans.—One peals from the steeple the other steals from the people.

Ques.—Why does S. Stevens like summer?

Ans.—It is then good——. O, you know.

Ques.—Why are the young ladies of the Freshman class like hard colds?

Ans.—Because they are easy to catch and hard to get rid of.

Mamma—Did Gro-ven-r take one of those flowers from the vase in the hall last night?

Ra-h-el—No; I don't think so. Why?

Mamma—I heard him say when he was leaving, "I am going to steal just one." Why, Ra-h-el, what is the matter?

Miss Higham, after some poor reading in Virgil, said: I am having a very "slow time." (No such slang Miss H.)

Dont's

Don't waste time trying to squeeze an old maid or a dried up lemon.

Don't laugh at a girl because she can't hit the side of a barn with a brick. You might marry her some day and then you would be glad of it.

Their graduation will not be in our memory.

Harry Tur-ey,
Bill Oli-er,
Gar- W-st.

The mistleto finds.

Billy S-eet and
Sam Gros-enor.

It is rumored that the secret of perpetual motion has been discovered in our very midst—indeed, in no less a person than Miss M-cL-ug-lin herself. Ask her about it and she will probably launch forth into a practical demonstration. (Talk? Well, I guess.)

Great excitement in Virgil class. Fr-nk Ev-ns and Flo-ence Wa-do are caught looking at each other. Miss Hig-am says: "Florence, if you want to look at Fr-nk some other time all right, but don't now for you disturb me.

O, Virgil! why didst thou write such horrid lines?

To bring such stress on our modest minds.

Surely you might of let one word (sweat) go,

And not of shocked Miss Waldo so.

American History Class.—Miss Crawford—Now, Mr. Hughes and Miss Waldo if you'll please discontinue your conversation. (Mr. Orton tries to enjoy the joke.)

History of the Class of 1911, R. F. A.

George M. Stevens, President.

Estella MacFarland, Vice-President.

Harold Sturdevant, Secretary.

Eleanor Brainerd, Treasurer.

TO write the authentic history of the class of 1911 and do full justice to the class as a whole and the individuals in particular would take up so much time that it is better to summarize by stating modestly, as becomes Freshmen, that as to general excellence and individual prowess we have been excelled by no class which has been so fortunate as to be a part of the student body of the Rome Free Academy.

Among the fellows are many students and athletes. The girls have grace, beauty and wit. We point with pride to the photograph of our class—ninety-five strong—taken when we left the fostering care of Prof. Barringer and the Court Street School, as to what improvement one year has made, modesty again forbids us to suggest.

The fact that we have one member called "Baldy" does not indicate that our age is greater than that of the other Freshmen who have gone before, while the name "Sturdy" is not necessarily to be applied to one only of our class.

We have good foot ball players, and the unerring accuracy with which chalk has been thrown and the vociferous manner in which business has been transacted at our class meetings indicate that we have excellent rooters and good base ball players in the making.

We have solved knotty problems in algebra, and the Xray of our intelligence has been directed to the study of physiology. Steadily we are climbing the hill of knowledge. Some have followed Cæsar into Gaul, in order that he

might not leave us too far behind; others have accompanied him as equestrians, (although the possession of ponies has not been widely advertised to our beloved teacher.)

Now, in these June days, we realize that the first year of our high school course is nearing completion, and when our school days are over it may, without doubt, be said:

"Thus they grew up in logic point device,
Perfct in grammar and in rhetoric nice;
Science of numbers, geometric art,
And love of stars, and music knew by heart."

Wanted to Know

What Turney's horse saw the day of the Rome-Little Falls game, while his driver and Miss T—were riding around the track.

Why Gr-gan is so bashful, and why he said he was going out of town about the time of the Junior "Prom." (For particulars ask Gr-gan.)

Freddy Wendt, in History class,
Began to whisper and to laugh.
But Miss Crawford was on duty bent,
So up to the front seat Freddy Wendt.

Lightibus outibus in parlorum.
Boyibus kissibus sweetgirlorum.
Daddibus hearibus loudsmachorem.
Comibus quickibus wit a cluborum.
Boyibus gettibus hardi spankorum.
Landibus nextibus outside doorum.
Gettibus upibus wit a limporum.
Swearibus kissibus girlnomorum.

To fall in love is awfully simple.
To fall out is simply awful.

—Hopkins.

PROGRAM

PART I

Orchestra—March	“Prince Imperial”
President's Address	Albert Orton, Jr.
Class History	Alberta Edell
Girls' Prophecy	Leo Burton
Boys' Prophecy	Elma Graves
Class Poem	Florence Waldo

INTERMISSION

Orchestra—Valses de Concert	“Sweet Tender Thoughts”
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PART II

CLASS PLAY

The Sweet Girl Graduates

CHARACTERS

Miss Maude De Smythe, the Sweet Girl, Treasurer Class of 1908	Marjorie Ellis
Mrs. De Smythe, her mother, who is threatened with nervous prostration	Florence Jones
Mr. De Smythe, her father, President of the R. I. P. Railroad	George Halleck
Mr. Jack Hamilton, her beau, Secretary Class 1908	Amos Grimm
Miss Matilda Hoppenhoer, her aunt, who never graduated, thank heaven!	Le Moyne Evans
Miss Valeria Reynolds, her dearest friend, who she loves very much	Edith Smith
Madam Sateene, her dressmaker	Ruth Wood
Miss Rantum, her elocution teacher, (late of the Boston school)	Jessie Ely
Professor Grindem, principal of the high school	Albert Orton, Jr.
Mr. Chinese Bulbur, the florist	Leo Burton
Katherine, the maid	Harriet Martin

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Sitting room at the De Smythe home, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.
“We'll have the prettiest frock if it breaks the R. I. P. R.R.”

ACT II—Sitting room of the DeSmythe home, Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
“Deep, deep are the meanings of life.”

ACT III—Hallway of the DeSmythe home, Friday morning at 9 o'clock. “Mr. Bulbus, the lilies are lovely.”

EPILOGUE—Dining room in the home of Mr. Jack Hamilton. A Friday morning in May, 1911. “Therefore, Valeria squints.”

ORCHESTRA—March—“Vesuvius.”

Class Song

In the year of nineteen four,
 We first came to R. F. A.
 When we looked our classmates o'er,
 All so meek and lowly—
 Little maidens bright and fair,
 Freckled boys with tousled hair,
 Each one had a frightened air—
 'Twas all so strange and lonely.

CHORUS:

R. F. A., R. F. A., dear old R. F. A.,
 We shall all be true to you
 Forever and a day.
 R. F. A., R. F. A., dear old R. F. A.,
 The future years shall ring with cheers
 For dear old R. F. A.
 Now we come to nineteen eight,
 'Tis our year to graduate.
 We have learned to love our school,

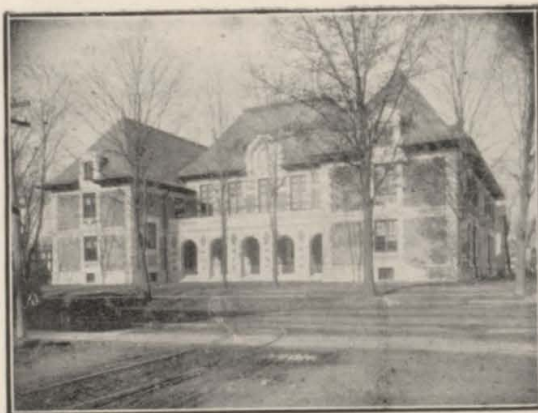
Learned to love it truly.
 Little maids no longer there,
 The boys have learned to comb their hair,
 We face the world to do and dare,
 Because of our diploma.

CHORUS:

R. F. A., R. F. A., dear old R. F. A., etc.
 Whate'er the future years bring forth,
 We shall honor R. F. A.
 May our boys be men of worth,
 Men both good and clever;
 May our girls be women true,
 Ever find good deeds to do.
 Ne'er forgetting R. F. A.,
 Forgetting classmates never.

CHORUS:

R. F. A., R. A. A., dear old R. F. A., etc.



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Last Day Exercises

ON the last day of school, according to the usual custom, the Senior Class of the Academy carried out their final ceremonies. The President, Albert W. Orton, Jr., gave the opening address. Then the witch, who had been sought out by the class, entered the assembly hall escorted by two dignified Seniors. This spirit spoke of the successes of other classes, and demanded each member of the class of 1908 cast their follies in her magic casket, which were as follows:

Remove the cover.

Leo R. Burton, deposit your desire to delay class machinery by your super-numerary speeches and by disturbing explosions, along with your sudden apparent affection for our worthy valedictorian.

LeMoyne Edaline Evans, deposit a few inches of your height with a few of the lilacs you obtained for decorating last Memorial day.

Alberta Caroline Edell, drop in those troublesome spoons, lost on the night of the Hallowe'en party together with your beloved Virgil.

Marjorie Beeme Ellis, deposit your longing for two of the tall students of this school, and your fondness for the base ball manager with a few of the rattles and rings you use to amuse baby Bailey.

Jessie Pearle Ely, throw in your favorite, yet boisterous, sport of "Fox" hunting along with that soft-toned voice used in American History class.

Elma Edalla Graves, drop your invitation to Colgate, which was too late, together with the Freshmen's pin you have been wearing. It is high time you gave up babyish ornaments.

Amos Grimm, leave here your preference for the book of Matthew over any other book in the Bible.

George Halleck, deposit that habit of yours of sliding around direct questions by saying, "Much can be said on both sides."

Gilbert Robert Hughes, deposit in this box your misunderstanding of the use of the girls' corridor, which you have transformed from its original purpose of a passage way into a dancing academy under the supervision of certain young ladies, also throw in that diamond and opal ring of unknown origin.

Mary Florence Jones, drop here your English history knowledge and your interest in the little house behind the church.

Inza Isabelle Marriott, leave, even if with reluctance, the ring borrowed from your grandfather which you have so carefully tied on that it might not fall off; your phonetic system of spelling should be left at this PLATE.

Harriet Jane Martin, deposit your delight in wearing your favorite color, red; besides many "imps and cranks and wantoms vile, nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Lena Elizabeth MacFarland, deposit all reminiscences of your trip to Baltimore, besides all claims to Frank the Third.

Albert William Orton, drop your many "outside interests" which so seriously interfere with the thing at hand.

Vera Marguerite Rees, leave here your worries and cares, and that you may keep up with Miss Edell, although it may be with tears and lamentations, your Virgil.

Marion Elma Sassenbery, although you may be the baby of the class, leave here your fondness for dolls and teddy bears, and also your fear of coming to school alone.

Edith Jane Smith, deposit your desire for disturbing the rest of the pupils dur-

ing the study period by your gentle whispers and irrepressible giggles.

Helen Eugenia Sturdevant, deposit here your attempt to reform the indolent under graduates; not because it is an unworthy ambition on your part, but because it is so hopelessly useless.

Florence D. Waldo, deposit your inclination to measure the value of men by the inches of their height, with those coquettish glances cast at the one, by this measurement, the most worthy.

Ruth Ida Wood, drop here those sweet dimples. They cannot be used longer in your favorite study of chemistry.

Replace the cover.

Lena E. Macfarland ON Evans.

The many meetings deemed necessary between Estella MacFarland and George Stevens are, of course, conferences concerning their official duties.

Edward Cole has found consolation for his unrequited love. He is much interested at present in robbing the cradle and wearing a C. S. S. pin of the Hamlin type.

Florence Waldo is patiently practicing this well-known sign, "Orton." Keep it up, Florence, something may come of it, even if June has had just as serious "crushes" before this.

Other faces may be fairer (?)

Than your face, sweet friend of mine,
Other eyes may be more lovely

Than those true blue eyes of thine;
Other maids may be more graceful,

Gentle "Polly," than thou art,
But I care not, O, my star-bright;

You, to me, appear "all right."

—S. M. S.

(Dedicated to Pauline Mowry.)

A Resolution

No more we'll lag, no more we'll fool,
No more our time we'll squander,
No more we'll shirk our daily work.
Of school we'll be much the fonder.

No more we'll laugh, no more we'll jest,
No more we'll try to whistle,
When Mr. Harris says we can't,
Lest music be a fizzle.

No more we'll talk when 3 of 9,
No more we'll come in tardy,
No more we'll shirk in history class,
But take it and grow hearty.

No more we'll argue or we'll sigh,
But do all in our power
To study all that is assigned
No matter how late the hour.

—The Seniors.

"A pretty face,
An empty head
And a pocket full of lead,"

Lansing Bailey,
Franklin Chapman.

The Flirt—Hattie Martin.

Why are Edith Smith's cheeks like a span of horses.

Ans.—Because they are on both sides of a waggin(g) tongue.

I'd rather be a "*Could Be*"

If I cannot be an *Are*,

For a "*Could Be*" is a *May Be*

With a chance of toughing par.

Id rather be a *Has Been*

Than a *Might Have Been*, by far.

For a *Might Be* is a *Hasn't Been*,

But a *Has* was once an *Are*;

Also an *Are* is an *Is* and an *Am*.

A *Was* all of these.

So I would rather be a *Has Been*

Than a *Hasn't*, if you please.

—Fred Shelley.

Concerning Latin

All the people died who spoke it,
 All the people died who wrote it,
 All the people die who learn it,
 Blessed death! They surely earn it!
 —Latin Student.

The way some students spend their vacation:

"Ab." Orton—Farming in Westernville.

Grosvenor—As a "fussing" master.

Pauline Mowry—Studying law.

Bright—Clerk for Sit & Doolittle.

Turney—Bell boy at Thalman's.

Miss MacFarland—Writing a book entitled "Baltimore Society."

R. Cogswell and M. Squires—Enjoying their honey moon.

Cole—Seeking out and tattling other people's business.

Rickmyer—Gatherin' eggs, milkin' kows and diggin' taters.

Catch the spirit as you come
 Of R. F. A's loyalty and fun!
 —To the Freshmen.

He's a ducky, he's a clam,
 He's a dandy little man.
 —Noble.

Greater men than I may have lived,
 but I doubt it.
 —A. Orton.

He never used to care for her,
 From girls he did abstain,
 But since he's entered school down here,
 He's got girling on the brain.
 —F. Evans.

Be less, be less enchanting.
 Let some little (G)race be lacking.
 —Grace Felton.

Don't you think I am pretty?
 —Isabel.

You may daub and paint this man as you
 will,
 But the stamp of a Freshman remains on
 him still.
 —Rickmyer.

Wanted—A little "dough" to help defray our expenses—Junior Class.

Wanted--A system of writings warranted to be read; also a speller.—American History Class.

Cæsar Class—"Necessity is the mother of ponies."

Upon her neck I fain would hang with
 joy;
 To reach it, say, what means must I employ?
 (Use a step ladder, Rudd.)

Snicker, giggle, giggle, snicker,
 Scrap and fight, fight and bicker.
 So her life ran on each day,
 And still is running, so they say.
 —Isabel Howland.

They say Mr. Sweet had a fine time at the foot ball game at Camden, but came home filled with reMorse.

Mr. Crane's favorite syllogism:
 1 No cat has nine tails.
 2 One cat has one more tail than no cat.
 3 One cat has ten tails.

The rumor goes that Miss Wardwell while attending a recent foot ball game unconsciously murmured; "And he certainly does play foot ball and basket ball perfectly, even if he is little." Of course, we don't know of whom Miss Wardwell was thinking, but from her description he must be a very Noble fellow.

An Incident

One day in the portico Miss Howland had a piece of candy known as a "kiss." She generously offered Miss Ellis a bite, but, instead of taking a bite, Miss Ellis took the whole "kiss." Thereupon Miss Howland fled shrieking: "O, Miss Ellis has eaten the 'kiss' that Cady Olney gave me." Miss Ellis closed the little drama by answering: "I thought it tasted like one of his."

Not yet so old but she may learn.

—Dorothy Curtin.

She is not sad, but on her gaze appears
Something that makes the gazer think
of tears.

—Celia Case.

As the lone culver on the roof mourns his
lost mate,
So he mourns for his distant lover.

—Wm. Sweet.

Grin! Grin! It is no sin.

—Leo Burton.

Wanted to Know--If Grower and Miss
Martin had a nice time at the Hallowe'en
party.

Wherever I roam, (dear Florence), what-
ever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to
thee.

—Frank Evans.

And still they gazed, and still the won-
der grew
That one small head could carry all he
knew.

—Harold Denio.

The ladies as they pass him by
Declare that he has an evil eye.

—Garry West.

Quotations

Weary and over-wrought with too
much study.

—Fred Wendt.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

—Eleanor Brainerd.

I care for nobody, no not I,
If no one cares for me.

—Florence Sellick.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

—James and Inza.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

—Gl-a-dine Lewis.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage.

—Sweet and Cole.

It would talk,
Lord, how it would talk!

—Bessie McLaughlin.

Miscellaneous

His speech was a fine sample, on the
whole, of rhetoric, which the learned call
"rigmorole."

—Frederick Shelley.

Florence Sellick in Ancient History
Class—"I don't know anything." Poor
Florence, we didn't think you would ac-
knowledge it.

The man with a flower.

—George Halleck.

Gee, I can't talk.

—Abull.

The Sophomore with the horse laugh.
—Hugo Putnam.

Toasts

May your shadow never grow less.

Tom Bright,
Byron Fox,
George Stevens.

Here's to our Sweet William.

Maidens hearts are always soft.
Would that men's were truer.
—Mary Squires.

He has crossed the mighty ocean,
To realms that lie afar.
—C. Olney.

Mr. Frye, in English history, "Him
and his allies has fit a battle." Very
grammatical, "Mat."

Some things are bitter that were sweet.
—W. Sweet.

His ready speech flowed fair and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy.
—Elton Townsend.

We prefer quality, not quantity.
—The Senior Class.

I think it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle
With a little bit of harm.
—Hugo Putnam.

Mr. Raffauf—"Victoria was the long-
est queen England ever had."

Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
—Stuart Millington.

Miss Higham, why do you try to im-
press the love of Dido on our minds; are
you slightly smitten?
—The Virgil Class.

Polly and Stod,
Each a little dove,
Sat on the sofa
Playing at love.
Stod took a kiss,
In came her brother
As Polly whispered
O do take another!

Mr. Grogan said he usually shaved on
Monday night, but owing to the lack of
time on Monday night, April 13, he was
unable to use the knife. The result was
that Mr. Harris did not recognize him
the following morning and addressed him
as Mr. Hinkley.

I always respond, fellows, when they
call me kid.

—Warren Noble.

The boy with the pretty smile. (?)
—Erwin Doyle.



A correct representation of the Utica Free Academy
Foot Ball Team after the Rome-Utica game.

THE SENIOR ANNUAL

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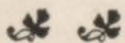
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


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